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Pro-Slavery.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

LETTER FROM A SLAVEHOLDING BROTHER IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Doctor T. E. Bond. Reverend and greatly beloved:—I have read the Christian Advocate and Journal from its commencement, with profit and delight; and I cordially approve of your editorials wherein you have with "soft words" "broken the bone," when your adversaries thought they should have broken your head. I am glad they missed their aim, while you parried the blow in "meekness of wisdom."

The course taken by the majority in the General Conference, and your views of Episcopacy and other items of Methodist government, I have read with much satisfaction and advantage; also, the Evangelical Alliance. Its fruits and effects will, I hope, be overwhelming to the enemies of truth and peace, and diffuse and establish liberty and union among all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

But, being the owner of a few slaves, (if I were otherwise eligible,) I could not be invited to take a place in that most Christian institution; yet I feel greatly interested in its prosperity. And I also feel for those of us who are excluded, fearing that some may take it as a matter of no small offence to be thus distinguished; but of others, "we hope better things, though we thus speak." And for ourselves, we earnestly plead; we cannot help ourselves in this matter. Servants must be had, and they are had in every country. And, in this country no other kind can be had but at a ruinous expense of both money and morals.

But that is not all. We plead Scripture authority in our defence, and quote 1, Timothy, chapter vi. as containing unanswerable argument in favour of Christian masters, and by no means requiring them to divest themselves of their power; but denouncing those who teach otherwise, as "proud," &c. That whole chapter goes to show that the highest grades have but small, if any, advantage over the lowest, for all are to answer and give account of whatever power they possess. But I must be brief.

When, as Christian masters, we have complied with the requirements of Scripture, in reference to our slaves, we plead to be exempt from degradation before the world that lieth in the wicked one; and especially before the Church of God, in relation to which, "we trust we have a good conscience," Satan's accusations against us to the contrary notwithstanding, (through his agents, the mistaken politicians of our age.) For, after all, "*the great evil*" *lieth not so much in the circumstance or relation of master and slave, as it does in their failure to perform their several duties toward each other.* And if so, then it will appear that a great error has been committed by those who have attempted to cure this evil; and a wiser course in future should be pursued, namely, to see *that both master and slave be brought fully under the power of the Gospel.* Let both be pressed to *more energy in running for the prize of the favour of their* SUPREME MASTER IN HEAVEN.

We say again, let him stand acquitted who has complied with the Gospel rule; and let them stand reproved "who without cause offend;" that is, who make unscriptural terms of communion. Is not that one of the leading causes of disunion among real Christians?

And the Evangelical Alliance, also, let them stand acquitted. For, until the "wisdom that is from above," (being the chief object of that excellent Alliance,) shall have attained to a greater degree of maturity, every ingredient must be excluded that might have any tendency to disturb the dove-like temper so eminently intended to preside in that holy assembly. In this we see (we hope without offence) the wisdom of the serpent.

I believe it is needful for the present that we "endure this temptation," for the trial of our faith and patience. And that Christian resignation should be signally displayed on this occasion. May the good Lord sustain us with sufficient grace. Amen.

And for the encouragement of such as may feel themselves tired, please quote Rev. iii. 10: "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth." And St. James i. 12: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." And again, 1 Cor. xiii. 4: "*Love* suffereth long, and is kind,"—"is not provoked,"—"never faileth." And again: "Love is strong as death." Sol. Song, viii. 6.

Dear Doctor, you know I cannot write for the public, having never been to school since I was eleven years of age, and previously not more than six months; therefore it could not be expected.

The preceding is merely intended as a suggestion, hoping that yourself, Dr. Bangs, or Dr. Peck, or some other, will write an apology for the Evangelical Alliance, that the Southern brethren may not feel it to be a disparagement, or bear it in *Christian style*, if they do.

I rejoice in the hope of seeing the final triumph of the Church and people of God. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." Zech. iv. 6.

To God and his Church I mean to cleave, whatever I may have to suffer. I am and hope to remain a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and

Your affectionate, &c.
JOHN LAWSON.

Panola County, Miss. June 30, 1846.

The above letter breathes the very spirit of piety; yet it is written by a slaveholder. We publish it, though we neither agree with our brother in his interpretation of the passage he quotes from the First Epistle to Timothy, nor with his justification of slaveholding from the necessity of having servants. And our sole motive in giving this good brother an opportunity to speak for himself, and his brethren alike circumstanced, is to show that it is dangerous "to judge another man's servant; to his own master he standeth or falleth." There are many who cannot reconcile the holding of slaves, under any circumstances, with the sincerity of Christian profession and character; and we cannot, perhaps, refute their arguments. But we are, nevertheless, compelled to deny their conclusion. Facts, obstinate, undeniable facts oppose it. We have seen, and every other man may see, if he will go into a slaveholding community, slaveholding connected with all the evidences and characteristics of genuine piety. It is well for us that He who gave us a rule of life is to be our judge; and that He will judge us "according to that which we have, and not according to that which we have not."

No one, in a non-slaveholding community can say what he would believe, or how he would feel on the subject of Slavery, if he had been brought up in the midst of it, and was involved in its thousand consequences. Here now, is a good man, who is placed by his religious experience and principles above the natural resentment which a nominal Christian would feel at the reproach to which his connection with the "great evil" subjects him. He even desires that some one, more competent than himself, should vindicate the Evangelical Alliance, who have notified the Christian world that no slaveholder could be admitted to their great Convention, to be holden in London. He does not admit the imputation implied, but he is willing to endure it for the sake of the great interests at stake, and lest a contrary course should throw the apple of discord into the Convention, and defeat the godlike purposes of the assembly. Yet this brother, with all the marks of humility, and self-sacrificing submission to the reproach of Christ, is so mistaken as to justify the holding of slaves, by alledging the necessity of involuntary servitude, to the convenience of owners and masters. To do this, he—unconsciously, no doubt—confounds the condition of servants in free communities, with that of slaves in the South: the condition of the servant who may dispose of his labour to the highest bidder, and lay up his savings to meet the necessities of age and infirmity, and who has no fears of being violently sundered from all the endearments of home and family relations, by the cupidity of his employer, with that of him whom the law makes the property of his master, to be held or sold at his pleasure, to descend to his heirs, whatever be their moral character, or to be set up at auction, with other live stock, by the sheriff, should he be unfortunate in trade or business. We have no doubt of the disposition of our brother to do his duty to his slaves, as far as he justly apprehends his duty, and the law will allow him. But is he wiser than Solomon? Does he know what will be the character of his heirs? Is he sure they will inherit his piety and Christian consideration for the welfare of his slaves? True, he cannot alter the laws of Slavery, but neither can he justify them. If we submit to them as an inevitable evil, until it shall please God to make a way for our escape, it is surely all that can be required of a Christian.

As to the quotation from Timothy, it certainly proves incontestably that there were slaves "under the yoke," who had believing masters, in the Apostles' days. But before we can admit that because the Apostles did not enjoin emancipation upon masters in the primitive Church, they therefore sanctioned Slavery as it now exists, we must inquire how far the circumstances of Slavery correspond in our day with those of the time in which the Apostles wrote. It will be admitted that the laws of the Roman empire, with respect to Slavery, were as rigidly exclusive of all personal rights of the slave as they are now in any of our Southern States. It did not consider slaves as persons, nor secure them, as such, from injury at the hands of their owners; nor from others, unless as the property of a freeman. The law also limited the number of emancipated slaves, nor do we find that those who were legally set free acquired thereby any personality, or any protection from the laws—any rights as citizens. Emancipation under such circumstances was not a benefit, but a cruel infliction, and this, Christianity could not command. Beyond the limited number allowed by the laws of the empire, to discharge slaves from the owner's service was not to make free, but to withdraw from them the only protection they enjoyed for the preservation of life, and within the limits of the law the condition of the freed man was not bettered, but made infinitely worse. All that Christianity could enjoin under such circumstances, and consistently with its benign principles and purposes, was that which the Apostles did enjoin, not only a humane, but a *brotherly* treatment of slaves. The same unjust and despotic laws exist to a great degree in some of the States of our Union, and the same necessity may exist for retaining the legal relation between the owner and the slave. But, then, as now, the only consideration which can influence the master, as a Christian, is the benefit of the slave. If his own interest, and convenience, are his reasons for perpetuating the relation, he sins against the law of love, and the common obligations of justice.

It may be well here to state, that the Roman empire was a heathen despotism in fact, though some of the forms of liberty were still preserved. This is, professedly, a Christian country, and, moreover, a republic, where the people make the laws. We have, therefore, a personal responsibility as respects the laws, which did not rest on the subjects of the Roman empire. And that the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel were considered by the primitive Christians as adverse to Slavery, is manifest from the fact, that Slavery disappeared as the Christian religion progressed; and the very first Christian Emperor took off all restrictions which former laws had imposed on the emancipation of slaves, by an edict which authorized masters to free them by a simple declaration read in a church. It is plain, then, that the primitive Christians did not understand the Apostle Paul's letter to Timothy, as sanctioning the existing Slavery, but only as tolerating the holding of slaves, on account of the impossibility of discharging them from the Christian master's service, without changing their condition, morally and physically, for the worse. Where the impossibility does not exist, the rule of the Christian master's conduct must be found in the universal law of charity, taught in the Scriptures.

It must not be forgotten, too, that the Roman empire covered the whole civilized world. The Apostle could not, therefore, either enjoin emancipation at home, or direct the masters of slaves to take them to other States where they could enjoy freedom. This is not the case in our day. And even if it be alledged that none of our States admit the emancipated slave to all the rights of citizens, and that social equality is still further beyond their reach, Providence has opened a wide and merciful door to them. Liberia offers them the title and all the advantages of citizens, with a free Government, Christian privileges, a fertile soil, and a perennial summer.

We cannot conclude without tendering to our correspondent our most cordial and Christian regards. We recognize him as a brother beloved, notwithstanding we cannot agree with him in his views with regard to Slavery. We tolerate from necessity what he approves upon principle—nay, upon what he holds to be Christian grounds. But God seeth the heart, and only God can see it. Believing our brother sincere, we dare not condemn him, nor deny him the claims of a disciple of our Lord. May we meet where all shall be light, and truth, and love.

From the Richmond Times.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S SLAVES.

AS WAS EXPECTED.—John Randolph's slaves, nearly four hundred in number, have been driven away from Mercer county, Ohio, where a tract of land had been purchased for them. How very consistent the Ohio Abolitionists are! They wish to effect the abolition of Slavery upon the homœopathic principle of stealing away one at a time, and when we give them a big dose, it appears to nauseate them terribly, and up they rise, *en masse*, and cry, "avaunt!" They are certainly very hard to please."—*Clarksburg Republican.*

There is much good sense in these remarks. Abolition has been tolerated by too many in the North, not themselves its acknowledged votaries, who regard it as founded in a sort of philanthropy. We sincerely trust that this case of Randolph's negroes being driven by an armed force beyond the borders of a county in Ohio, where they had previously bought lands with the knowledge of the citizens, will have a wholesome influence on Northern sentiment. The practice of harbouring fugitive slaves, not merely by concealing them in the heartless haunts of abolitionism, but by shielding them with the forms of justice in the legal tribunals, has become a grave and most unjustifiable grievance.—What greater right has the Legislature of a free State to encourage the abduction of a single slave, than it has to invite and enforce the transfer of a thousand in a body? But, no, no; in the latter case the thousand would become a public nuisance, and the philanthropy of abolitionism does not extend to the assumption of pecuniary burdens. As the Clarksburg Republican happily suggests, it practices on the system of *homœopathy.*

If we are correctly informed, the laws of most of the free States contain very stringent provisions against the admission of free blacks. But the case of a fugitive slave is esteemed wholly different.—The "invaluable right" of *habeas corpus* is granted him in the courts, and he is cruelly turned adrift to make his way amongst unsympathizing strangers. The consequence generally is, that unless he is taken up, like Frederick Douglass, to be exhibited in Europe, he becomes the inmate of an almshouse, the wretched victim of his own folly and a wicked fanaticism.

We should deem it a useless undertaking to address these expostulations to the misguided zealots, whose minds, if not their hearts, are so far distorted as to render them incapable of reason; but we do hope considerate and wise men in the North will be induced, by this late occurrence in Ohio, to reflect upon the absurd and wicked inconsistency which they permit their laws and their practice to exhibit. Let them observe in good faith, the provisions of the Federal Constitution, and esteem it their duty, in the matter of Slavery, to obey the holy mandate, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Selections.

THE SLAVE PAULINE.

The London Pictorial Times of June 6th, contains an article relative to the slave Pauline, accompanied with a picture, representing the officers of the law, armed with clubs and whips, in the very act of tearing her new-born babe from her bosom, preparatory to her own execution. We copy the article:—

"SLAVERY IN AMERICA."—When the Americans were talking loudly about going to war with England for the Oregon, the journalists on the other side of the Atlantic were, of course, divided upon the question. There were war articles, and peace articles, the one appealing to the passions and vanities of the mob, and the other addressing the better judgment of the people, and exhorting them to pause before joining in the outcry of blood, waste, and misery. Fortunately for both nations, and for humanity, the latter section have, for the present at all events, got the best of the argument, and we are to have, it seems, a fire of protocols, instead of broadsides of cannon shot. The American writers who supported the cause of peace, availed themselves most ably of the many powerful arguments to be found in support of a peaceful policy; they appealed to the Christian feelings of the religious—to the economic interest of the trader—to the fears of the timid, and to the good judgment of the generous and reasonable. But they forgot to lay full stress on the reason why the United States should avoid war as they would avoid destruction. It would seem as though those who live in that country were so familiar with this reason, that the very familiarity closes their eyes to its potency; as if near neighbourhood to the danger had robbed it of its terrors, and made that seem harmless which, sooner or later, threatens to whelm the "model republic" of the New World in intestine struggle, bloodshed, and misery. Should the United States ever be involved in a general war, she has undoubtedly, within herself, the elements of certain defeat. This weakness for war—this plague-spot on her body-politic—this disgrace to her name and lineage—this scandal upon her religion, is SLAVERY.

Republicans deal in flesh and blood—republicans forge chains for the slave—republicans, so free and generous, declare it death to teach a negro to read—republicans so brave, dare not trust with a book a black man whom they affect to despise.

This is, indeed, a melancholy spectacle, and it is one that strengthens the argument of those who pronounce the heart of man to be originally and irreclaimably vicious. With a rich country—a vigorous population—a public literature, and a thrilling future before them, the citizens of the United States have yet the cowardice to encourage Slavery. There is too strong a suspicion that, for Slavery's sake, Texas was annexed; and now, for Slavery's sake, slaveowners would coerce Mexico—a land which, if worse governed, and less fortunate in native energy than its Northern neighbours, has yet had the national courage and the natural humanity to abolish Slavery.

How frightfully the system of Slavery works in the United States, let the following narrative tell. It requires no commentary. It is a tragedy of sin, and crime, and cruelty, as deep as ever ink was called upon to chronicle, or soul of man to grieve for. This one case is surely enough to make every American who has a heart cry aloud for the extinction of a system which gives birth to such iniquities—enough to make every face in the whole Union crimson with the blush of shame and sorrowful indignation.

Much more in sorrow than in anger are such cases read and spoken of, and commented upon, in England. It required a long and arduous struggle to repeal the slave laws in our own dominions, and the tardy act of justice is too recent to allow us to forget that, under the sanction of British law, the negro was the property of his purchasers. But England *has* done justice—though she paid dearly for it—and Englishmen of all degrees, classes, and conditions, are anxious to see their brethren across the Atlantic wipe the stain from their country. Where there is English blood it should work against the tyranny of Slavery; where there is English courage, it should scorn the cowardice of Slavery; where the English tongue is spoken, it should denounce the injustice of Slavery."

From the Non-Slaveholder.

——, N. C. 3d mo. 29th, 1846.

As regards the situation of matters pertaining to Slavery, I can offer nothing flattering. Many slaveholders are not ignorant of the evils of the system, both in a political and moral point of view. Yet they think it cannot be got rid of, and therefore calmly partake of its fruits; hushing their consciences with the belief that they can do no better. These are the avowed sentiments of those who admit that it is wrong, but I presume the secret motive of all is self interest. The Methodists in this section are becoming somewhat awakened on the subject. Two prominent members have left the church on account of their permitting slaveholding; and at a certain meeting-house some ten miles from here, they have forbidden a slaveholder to preach. I am told, however, that they cannot hinder it unless the whole Conference are in favour of the measure. And who can tell the horrours of the system? There is a woman living here who was once a slave. She has a great many brothers and sisters, many of whom are yet in bondage. Her husband was also a slave, but succeeded in buying himself, and afterwards her. Two weeks ago, her youngest brother, W——, was sent to see her for the last time. Some of the heirs of the estate to which he belongs lives in Tennessee, and came on after him, and eleven others, and this morning, when I was at meeting, I saw them pass along the road—truly a desolate looking company. W—— has a free wife and two children, of whom he has taken a final leave, I suppose, to-day. Moreover it is known to have been the desire of their old mistress, that W—— should take care of his old mother (who is still living) to the end of her days. But he is torn from her forever. Truly the condition of the slave is worse than the brute. He can look to no human tribunal for relief. The court which is held beyond the valley of the shadow of death, is the only one in which he need hope for justice. If he goes to the law for help in his despairing situation, here he finds every door closed. Every statute is against him. It is true, the law of this State now declares the killing of a negro to be murder, but it makes such provisions, that if a man whip his slave to death, he has only to swear that he died under *moderate correction*, or that he refused to submit to authority, and he is justified; and again the murderer walks the earth unharmed! Other acts of atrocity, which if committed against those to whom God has given "a form of fairer, whiter clay," would be visited by the death of the offender, or other heavy expiation, may be perpetrated with impunity on the negro, who can neither resist nor testify. "Oh," say I, in the language of Alvan Stewart, "sum of all human villanies, let the curse of God rest upon it, let every wind be charged with its destruction, every rising sun be its destroyer, the rolling seasons its executioner."

Moreover, if I should cause such a piece as I have here written, to be read and published to the slaves, or circulate it amongst them, the laws of my State would condemn me to be whipped on the bare back, and for the second offence, death would be the penalty. Nay, if I were caught teaching a slave the alphabet, I should be subject to a heavy fine. It is thus they civilize them, thus they Christianize them, by keeping them in the depths of ignorance, lest they learn their rights.

Oh, Liberty! fly from America—thou hast no foothold here. Fly to the land where thy name may be pronounced by lips less hypocritical, and where the shouts of freedom may not be deafened by the clankings of the captive's chains. I fear, my friends, you will think me excited and enthusiastic, but it really seems to me as great an inconsistency, to talk about the United States being "a free country," or a "land of liberty," as it would be to write "Love your enimies" in glaring characters on every cannon, musket, pistol, sword, and carbine ever used in war!

The following is a letter written to WILBERFORCE, by REV. JOHN WESLEY, dated February 26th, 1791, and was the last letter said to have been written by that eminent and good man:

DEAR SIR:—Unless the divine power has raised you up to be as *athanasius contra mundum* (athanasius against the world), I see not how you can go through your GLORIOUS ENTERPRISE in opposing *that execrable villany*, which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. *Unless God has raised you up for this very thing*, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils. But, "if God be for you who can be against you?" Go on, in the name of God, and in the power of his might, till even American Slavery (the *vilest* that ever saw the sun) shall vanish before it. Reading this morning a tract, written by a poor African, I was particularly struck by that sentiment,—that a man who has a black skin, being wronged or outraged by a white man, can have no redress; it being a law, in all our colonies, that the oath of a black against a white goes for nothing. *What villany is this?*

That He who hath guided you from your youth up, may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant,
JOHN WESLEY

From the Herkimer Freeman.

RANDOLPH'S FREEDMEN.

The Cincinnati Herald, speaking of the late brutal expulsion of the manumitted slaves of John Randolph from Mercer county, Ohio, where lands had been purchased for their occupation, has the following pointed remarks. We commend them to the negro-haters of the North in general, and Herkimer county in particular:

"Here is a case that painfully appeals to every humane heart. The manumitted persons number about three hundred, and many of them are women and children. These poor, unoffending creatures, natives of the country, willing to work, peaceful and orderly, have no spot on which to rest their feet. Driven out of their native State by Slavery, they are driven back upon it by a heartless Prejudice. If they continue long in Ohio they will be *mobbed*; if returned to Virginia they will be *enslaved!* Good God! that any of thy children should be so trampled upon!

While we deplore the cold-blooded prejudice of the people of Mercer county, we abhor the abominably selfish and inhuman policy of Virginia. What right has she to exile any of her sons from her soil, for no offence save that of wearing a dark skin? It is her duty to provide for all her own population, and especially for the class which she has degraded. Nothing can exceed the meanness of her policy, in first imbruting a portion of her population, and then imposing upon the free States the duty of elevating it from its degradation. But so long as Slavery shall exist in the South, this evil will continue. What excuse then can any man in the free States frame, for doing nothing to promote the extinction of the accursed system. Every one now feels that we *have a great deal* to do with Slavery. How then can we tolerate the old political parties which have continually made it a part of their policy to suppress all discussion or agitation of this question, and to strengthen the dominion of the slave-power?

The question however recurs—will the people of Ohio drive back these harmless women and children, these unoffending strangers to the prison-house of eternal Slavery?—

INTERFERENCE—The slaveholders and their Northern toadies, have always been very noisy about "interference" with the Southern Institutions by foreigners, or even by the citizens of free States, while none are more *forward* than they in thrusting themselves into the "domestic affairs" of other nations. South America, Greece, Naples, Poland—all can testify to this. Lately a Polish Slavonian Society has been formed in this country, in order to aid in emancipating the Poles from the dominion of Russia, of which John P. Berrien, a *slaveholding* Whig United States Senator from Georgia is President!—*Hampshire Herald.*

From the Western Citizen.

LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

We find a letter from C. M. Clay, in the Liberator, dated Camp Owsley, June 30th, and addressed to Mrs. Chapman. He enters into some justification of the step he has taken, and in the course of it he says:—"If I were drafted, and refused action, it would be *treason*; to volunteer is to fulfil the same moral duty, which the law, by compulsion, would otherwise enforce." Where is the limit to this blind obedience to the mandate of a Government? In the days when kings were supposed to rule by divine right, passive obedience might pass for a virtue; but the time has now come when the individual is not merged in the mass, to be moved as a mere automaton in the hands of others. Of all men, we should have supposed Mr. Clay would have been the last to lend the sanction of his example to such an idea of loyalty, had we not painful evidence to the contrary. Governments can commit treason as well as their subjects—treason against God and mankind—and history is full of such examples. Of this two-fold treason our own is now guilty, and he is the man of true loyalty who opposes its course by all the lawful means which God has placed in his hands. We doubt not Mr. Clay's sincerity, or honesty, but we are pained that he has chosen to be a participator in this great treason.

From the Boston Daily Sun.

CONGRESS.

It is not to be concealed that the legislation of the late session of Congress has been *Southern* legislation. By the most adroit management, the Southern members have succeeded in passing all their own measures, and in defeating the wishes both of the North and West. They have played a highly successful game, and are entitled to credit for their tactics, if for nothing else. They defeated the 54 40-scheme, (the darling object of the West,) and thus prevented a war with great Britain, which would have cut off the market for their cotton. They next upset the old Tariff, because of their hatred to Northern manufacturers, and in the hope that free trade will enable them to "buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market." They have got up a war with Mexico, in order "to enlarge the area" of Slavery, and keep up a preponderance, in prospect at least, of slave territory. They have managed to obtain a veto of the River and Harbour bill, because they knew it would enhance the trade and population of the West. The French Spoliations bill has been "bluffed off," because nearly all the claimants under that act of tardy justice reside at the North. In short, it has been a Southern Congress altogether. The South has prevailed, not by superior strength, not by superior talent, but by superior management. Much good may it do them. If we mistake not, but very few years will elapse before they will call on the North and West to save them from the effects of their own measures. They will find that legislation cannot change the unalterable affinity between cause and effect. They will find that the free hands of the North and West, though cramped for a time by measures which they could not control, will adapt themselves to circumstances, and continue to prosper even under the most adverse measures of government; while those States on which Slavery has set the curse of its seal, will be given over to the fatality of unavoidable adversity. The great interests of the North will undoubtedly suffer; but the South may have all the legislation of the country in its own way, and still we of the North would not change places. Besides, a day of reckoning is to come. The great West will find, after a while, where its true interests lies, and will repudiate the alliance which has chained the wheels of its prosperity.

Communications.

LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We are requested to give the following letter a place in our columns as it has been refused an insertion in the *New-York Evangelist*:

HAWAIIAN ISLES, Dec. 1845.

MR. EDITOR:—I have recently read with very deep interest, "Papism in the nineteenth century, in the United States," by Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, D.D. And I cannot but esteem Dr. B. a noble champion of civil liberty.

He has, in my opinion, done a work in Baltimore, for which all the Protestants in the United States, and *everywhere*, owe him a debt of gratitude, and which I trust may save many precious souls from the toils of those who would despoil them of civil and religious liberty. Dr. Breckenridge displays a liberal share of that keen satire, and close, irresistible logic, which are so conspicuous in the Provincial Letters," and which rendered them so fatal to the cause of the Jesuits in France in the seventeenth century.

I sincerely hope his book may be extensively read, and duly appreciated by my countrymen. Although I could not subscribe to every sentiment advanced by Dr. B. I believe he tells much truth; and gives a warning in regard to Popery which Protestants in the United States greatly need,—and all the more, because many of them are confident they are in no danger from the efforts of Papists. Moreover he lays down broad principles, on which the dearest rights of man are based, with clearness and precision; and maintains them with remarkable boldness and energy. He has also shown that he was prepared to defend those principles, in the face of fierce and bitter opposers, and at no little hazard. Even at this distance of time and space, it is impossible to read the history of his doings and sufferings in Baltimore, without feeling that he deserves the title of Defender of Liberty and Protestantism, in that city. Would that every city and village in our country, had one of equal courage, talents, and piety.

And should this by any means meet the eye of Dr. B. or his friends, I beg them to rest assured, that although I esteem it an honour to be classed with Abolitionists, for whom he manifests great contempt, I have not praised him *maliciously*. For I consider him worthy of high commendation, for his efforts in behalf of the oppressed, those who had "no helper." I may also add, that for some who claim to be Abolitionists I have not a particle of sympathy. And all thorough going Papists are also of that number.

But I sincerely wish, that when Dr. B. and his Southern friends, feel their indignation rise toward the mass of Northern Abolitionists, they would candidly contemplate some of the principles asserted, and the reasoning exhibited in his "Papism."

I will give a few extracts, underscoring as I think proper. "The cause of *the poor* and *the unfortunate*, the *stranger*, the *helpless* and the *oppressed*, is essentially the cause of the human race; for these, as man exists, constitute the bulk of the best ordered States; and their *cries* and *wrongs*, are the ordinary voice that enters into hearts attentive to the realities of earth. And for our part, whether it be as a man, a patriot, a philanthropist, or a Christian, *we take our stand by the side of, and for the cause of the poor, and suffering*; and are ready to do, and to endure, ten thousand times more, for the tears of those who have none to help them, than for all they could give who have everything to bestow. When the prayers of the poor have gone up for us, and when the thanksgiving of the oppressed has reached our ears, *then have our hearts felt strong in the Lord; our spirits have been refreshed as with the dews of Heaven.*"—Page 337. Noble sentiments! Only act them out fully, Dr. Breckenridge, towards the coloured people, the bulk of sufferers in the United States, and *you will be with us.*

Again, after speaking of his own agency, in preventing the Papists from effecting the *forcible* return of Olivia Neal, to the Carmelite Nunnery, whence she had escaped, he adds: "We must say, we have done just what we think every honest man, who loves liberty, virtue, and God, ought to do, *for any poor female*, who falls in his way, in great tribulation, and demands his aid. We shall do the same or more; every time we have the opportunity, and thank God for the honour thus put on us."—Page 237. Right, Dr. Breckenridge; and so says the Abolitionist, when he has spent his money, or exerted his energies to aid a poor creature, of whatever colour or sex, when either escaping from, or lingering in, Southern bondage, with its unrequited toil, and merciless stripes; and whom he verily believes, was, in God's account, "born free and equal," with his oppressor.

And who shall say that "The blessing of Him that was ready to perish," shall not be, as the "dews of Heaven" to the *spirit* of the *Abolitionist*, when the oppressors and their friends do their utmost to heap odium upon *him*; and spare his liberty and his person, merely from want of power to injure him.

As I learn Dr. B. has emancipated his own slaves, I trust he is too genuine a philanthropist to confine his sympathies to the comparatively small number of Papists, whose liberty is infringed in the United States to the neglect of the *millions* of slaves, whose condition, even *he* can hardly deem preferable to that of Papists there. He is so bold an advocate for liberty, and equal rights, that he says, "If there remains no other mode of redress for intolerable evils, society *en masse*, is divinely commissioned to rise and correct them. The right of revolution itself is a sacred and an inalienable right; much more the right to protect the weak, the oppressed, the suffering—when in God's name, they demand it at our hands."—pp. 237—8. This is going quite as far, I think, as the *hottest* Abolitionist; and farther than many of them would go. On page 263, Dr. B. says: "We venture to predict, ... the Protestant feeling and principles of the country, will, first or last, bring to political ruin, every man and party that manifests the least treachery to the glorious principles of Protestant *truth, liberty, and right*, upon which *all our institutions rest.*" When Dr. B. penned this sentence, he probably had not the slightest recollection of that peculiar institution, *Slavery.* For I can't believe he intended to say, that slavery rests on *Truth and Liberty!* But on the supposition that slavery was forgotten, when it was affirmed that all our institutions rest on Truth, Liberty, and Right, we see the wonderful power of education. That a man, who can cheerfully devote, not only his time, talents, and property, but will even hazard his *reputation*, and life, to rescue a small part of the community from oppression in one form, should, while discussing the subject of oppression, absolutely forget that he was surrounded by millions who were then, and *had long* been *groaning* under a system of oppression, in some of its features the most odious, and tyrannical ever tolerated by the civilized world, is certainly a painful illustration of the force of education.

Still, I rejoice in the belief, that the prediction of Dr. B. relative to the "political ruin of every man and party in the country, that manifests treachery to the glorious principles of truth, *liberty*, and *right*," will be verified. Then will slavery there be utterly abolished, and Popery hide its head for shame. Dr. B. says, "Let the laws be supreme; *all the laws.*"—p. 238. Of course he means all that are based on truth and justice; and in regard to those that are not, he doubtless believes "we ought to obey God rather than men." It would be gratifying to know how he, and other good men at the South feel, relative to the treatment of the agents of Massachusetts, in Charleston and New Orleans, when sent thither to bring matters in dispute, between Massachusetts, South Carolina and Louisiana before the court authorized by the *Constitution*, to adjust difficulties between the confederated States. With fervent desires for the universal prevalence of *peace, liberty, and holiness*,

I am, very truly, yours,
P. J. GULICK.

LETTER FROM E. D. HUDSON.

FRIEND GAY:—The following production of "natural depravity," was written by an influential deacon of a Congregational church, to a leading and influential minister in Chautauque county. It is a fair specimen of the modern Pharisaism, which the truth and the reformation of the nineteenth century have to contend against.

The priests, deacons, and churches, are, to the reform of this age, what the sanhedrim and priesthood were to the reforms of the first and sixteenth centuries. Of course there are exceptions now as then. Christian liberty is now struggling against the mental and physical enthralment of this nation, created and perpetuated by an ecclesiastical and political oligarchy. It is opposed to the Truth which makes the people free. The instruments of these despots sometimes yield to the spirit of reform, when it appears so formidable, in a regenerated public opinion, as to threaten their destruction, but then, they yield, and for pretence, become conformed to the reform only to manage it, and betray it; to finally make it accommodate the "Bulwark of Slavery." He who teaches counter to the oracles of a slaveholding and a human-butchering religion, is an "infidel," a "schismatic," a "heresiarch." The writer of the following epistle had no interview with me. I fell in with a son and daughter of the deacon's: the latter, just from Ohio, was retailing slander, respecting S. S. Foster and A. K. Foster, calling them infidels and Sabbath-breakers.

I contrasted A. K. Foster's Sabbaths with those of her accusers, showing her whole every-day Sabbath life, full of mercy, and spent for man, and in the true and only acceptable worship of God; while her accusers were notorious hypocrites, living for self, filled with covetousness, toiling all the week to hoard up mammon, and then, on the first day of the week, for pretence, put on a Sabbath face, and go to work, *making cheese half of the day*, and then, in all their pride, fashion, and negro-prejudice, go up to church, to engage in a round of forms and ceremonies, as hollow and heartless as the pipes of their organs, or church fiddles. If Jesus were to address such, would he not say, "thou hypocrite," as he did to the ruler of the synagogue, eighteen hundred years ago? That Christ was, in S. S. and A. K. Foster, their hope of glory, willing them to do of his good pleasure, "to preach good news to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captive, to pour oil and wine into the wounds of those who have fallen among thieves, which is the true worship, as S. S. Foster maintained at Pittsburgh. Well may such men as the deacon, mourn the hiding of God's face from them, and the darkness of their Zion, for there is no light in it, and "the way of peace they know not." Christ is their *enemy*, and Christian principles are *tares*; they have reversed the order of heaven, calling good bad, and bad good. What know they about the Sabbath, and its true observance? What care have they for the Saviour, who sustain an oligarchy, which denies, to three millions of their equal brothers and sisters, in these United States, the Sabbath, the Bible, and the Saviour? Out upon such disgusting hypocrisy. Let me have the censure of such men, and be branded as "Infidel," "anti-Sabbath," "Garrisonian." I ask not for their approbation. Indeed, if I had it, I should have occasion to say, "what vile thing have I been doing! As the following letter was put forth for the edification of the "Bulwark of Slavery," and not for my benefit, you will please to give it publicity. It had preceded me, in several places, to my prejudice, but when the people saw me and heard me, its author was none the better for it in their sight. And the minister, who had let the scandal go forth from him, (a Presbyterian,) frankly confessed his error, gave me the letter, and subscribed for the "*Garrison paper.*" So far as myself am concerned, I would not care to fill up the columns of the Standard with the letter; but for the benefit of the people, toward whom the deacon's overweening regard has gone forth, I wish you to publish it.

Thine truly, for Truth and Liberty,
E. D. HUDSON.

BUSTI, July 24th, 1846.

REVEREND DEAR SIR:—I am constrained to address you on the great, exciting subject. Slavery, no doubt, is the great and chief cause of the war in which we are engaged, and the part that the American Church have taken in procuring it, I humbly believe, is one of the greatest causes why God has so withdrawn his spirit, and cast such a shade over the whole face of Zion in our land, and while she sleeps, the enemy is sowing tares. For this reason I take my pen, to open my mind to you, and please bear with me, if I am a little impudent and ultra. We have

had a Mr. Hudson, from Massachusetts, lecturing on Slavery, and in his lectures much approved, but in private conversation, by being pressed, has openly avowed himself an anti-Sabbath, anti-Saviour, and anti-everything that we hold as the fundamentals of our faith. He is a strong Garrisonian, and is procuring subscriptions to a Garrison paper, (the Standard,) in which he has been too successful among us, and he informs us that Mr. S. S. Foster and wife (Abby Kelley) are coming into this county to lecture on Slavery, to the people; and now the question with me arises, what is the duty of ministers in regard to the subject? Without wishing to dictate, I would ask, is not the course that Mr. Smith, of Pittsburgh, related in the Oberlin Evangelist, of June 10th, the best to adopt? They will be heard, and if they cannot have our houses of worship to lecture in, they will take their buggy into the street, as Brown and Hudson did in Mayville, and gather the people, to hear them from that. Are not the people of this county in danger of being led blindfold into infidelity, if the ministry stay away? Will they clear their skirts by staying at home? I know that this is a grave question for me to ask, but, Sir, I am anxious, and I remember an instance in Oneida county, of the great Universalist, Dean, of Boston, coming into Mr. Brainard's society, and making appointments at five o'clock, on the Sabbath, and Mr. Brainard suspended his third meeting to hear him, and appointed to preach from the same text, on Wednesday, at five, and so continued for a number of weeks, until Dean left the ground entirely. Now, dear brother, if Mr. Foster and wife should be thus treated, would it not result in good to the cause of religion and the slave?

In haste I close, with much respect,

THOMAS DANFORTH.

Rev. Mr. Waith Abington.

"How to Vote."

Friend Gay:—At the close of some remarks, at one of our meetings last week, in behalf of the Standard, individuals were requested to give in their names as subscribers, and on making a personal appeal to one of our prominent men, who has never identified himself with the Anti Slavery movement, he expressed his regret and disappointment, at hearing nothing said about voting.—Said he had "come to the meeting to learn how to vote," and had not heard anything about it.

He "could place no confidence in the *political papers*, and thought he would come and hear a man who" he "knew would tell the truth upon the subject, that" he "might know what course to pursue." "How shall I vote?"

This query is full of significance. It is an indication of the prevailing thoughts and feelings of those who propound it; and although few have the frankness and ingenuousness of our friend, to ask the question in so many words, yet the great inquiry is the same with the mass of our population.

Voting is the "alpha and omega—the beginning and the ending," of the American people. The ballot-box is a kind of divinity which they worship. And when we reflect that we have all been educated to be *politicians* and *political partisans*, it is not strange that it is so. Politics, (in the common acceptation of the word,) is instilled into us from our earliest infancy, and we are taught to believe that the highest interests of the nation depend upon the success of *our party*. Hence the power which demagogues possess to gull and deceive the people.—Next to *our party*, we are taught to reverence the Constitution and the Union—"purchased by the blood of our fathers, and bequeathed to us as a sacred legacy;" and like the dog in the fable, while we have been so eagerly grasping after the shadow, the substance has escaped us, and we have nothing left but the form without the power—the letter without the spirit. But what is more deplorable still, we seem not to be aware of the fact, that the American Constitution and the American Union are powerless for freedom. They have long since irretrievably lost their virtue, and been prostituted to the base purposes of Slavery.

We have been satisfied to rehearse the great deeds of our Puritan ancestors, and "garnish their sepulchres," taking to ourselves great glory for having descended from so noble a stock.

"But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse, which drove them across the sea."

Trammelled by such an education, and fettered by such habits of thought, it seems difficult for many to understand and appreciate the force of moral power, and they think, notwithstanding all their professions, (if we may judge by their acts,) that it is unsafe to "trust in God," unless you "keep your powder dry."

When they speak of "one's chasing a thousand and two putting ten thousand to flight," they utter it as a beautiful *obstruction*, inapplicable to the present state of things; and with all their professions they are absolutely infidel to the omnipotence of Truth.

In their zeal for ballot-boxes, constitutions, and unions, men seem to overlook the important fact, that laws and constitutions receive all their vitality and power from public opinion—that the "power behind the throne is greater than the throne itself,"—that the *real*, controlling, guiding, and governing influence is the *moral sentiment* of the people—and that just in proportion as that is perverted, to the same extent will injustice prevail and oppression triumph.

This being the case, common sense would clearly indicate the course to be pursued. Regenerate the public mind; reform the public conscience; convict and convert the people, which can only be done by the application of truth. Become yourselves the living embodiment and exponent of that truth. Yield yourselves up to its guidance and control, and it will perform its work by virtue of its own vitality. Have a little grain of faith, and remember that "the measure of success in any cause is the measure of devotion to principle"—then the question, "How shall I vote?" can be easily decided. First. Can I vote at all under this blood-stained Government, without a violation of the principles of fundamental morality? Admit, if you please, that the Constitution is written in "letters of gold, set in pictures of silver,"—it at least does one thing: it recognizes the worst of pirates, the greatest of tyrants, the most infamous of robbers, the vilest of man-thieves, the most open violators of every principle of the Divine law, as republicans and Democrats, men suitable to administer justice, and make laws for the protection of HUMAN RIGHTS; and all who remain in this political union do the same—all who vote under this Constitution do the same;—and I ask if this is not a plain and palpable violation of the very first principles of morality. No one will dispute it—no one will deny it. And besides, we are under the most solemn obligations to array ourselves in open hostility to a Government which violates the divine law, and by all righteous means to seek its overthrow. If we would be loyal to the King of Kings, and maintain our fidelity to the Lord of Lords, we must do it. Does any one say that, by so doing, we disfranchise ourselves and lose our citizenship! What if we do? We retain our MANHOOD, which is more than citizenship, more than Governments.

When will honest men dissolve their connection with this Heaven-defying Government if not NOW? What acts of perfidy can it perpetrate which it has not already committed? What law of God can it violate which it has not already trampled upon? What principle of justice can it outrage which it has not already desecrated?—What human relation can it abrogate which it has not already stricken down? The Indian has melted away before its treacherous hand. The negro has bowed down beneath the weight of its power. When the sea gives up her dead, the wrongs of Africa may be numbered.—Not satisfied with this, she is driving her war-chariot over prostrate Mexico. If the time for protestation, secession, nullification, and rebellion, has not come, when will it arrive? Will it be when Algiers is admitted into the Union, and South Sea Island cannibals have a seat in the Legislative halls of the nation? That could not add to our infamy, deepen our guilt, or increase our condemnation, more than that we have done already. Every consideration of justice, humanity, and religion, of well-being in this life or the life to come, calls upon us to absolve ourselves from all connection with American Slavery, and to rebuke the slaveholder with all faithfulness that he may be brought to repent of his sin, and let the oppressed go free.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Farmington, 8th mo. 18th, 1846.

Letter from Wilmington, Delaware.

I have received a circular, addressed to the friends of emancipation, praying for help to support the Anti-Slavery Standard. This is to inform you that I am friendly to the anti-slavery sentiments of the Standard, but opposed to its uncharitable spirit.

I have come to the conclusion that censure and blame are inconsistent with the spirit of love, that breathes peace on earth, and good will to man, and therefore retards the cause of reform, especially when dealt out by non-resistants, and those making the high profession of returning good for evil.

I believe William L. Garrison, H. C. Wright, the Fosters, and all that school of reformers, who are endeavouring to remove evil by personal denunciation, and by fostering a spirit of "disunion" and "separation" from those who are morally diseased, are in total darkness as to the genuine principles of peaceful and rational reform. Kindness and force, or peace and war, are the principal powers used for removing evil, and can there be a doubt in the mind of any one, but what condemnation and force are of the same spirit, and will produce the same fruits. Who is there, with any knowledge of human nature, that ever thought of irritating and vexing a man, if his object was to convince him of some important truth? I do not say that this class of Abolitionists will not advance the cause of emancipation. I think they do advance it by their violent measures, and so do the English advance the cause of civilization by slaughtering the Sikhs, and the Americans the Mexicans. They circulate a vast amount of information, and the cause of civilization advances; but this is no evidence that there is not a better way of convincing a man of his errors than by vexing him, or enlightening his understanding by making bullet holes in his body. Kindness is as much superiour to force as a moral lever in removing evil, as rail-roads and steam are superiour to turnpikes and horse-power, in travelling and transportation.

How is it that non-resistants, who profess to discard force in all its forms, should have such vague and indistinct notions of kindness, which is the opposite doctrine. I am not aware of any advantage there is in profession at best; practice is so near everything, that profession is useless without it, and when the profession deviates widely from the practice it must be injurious to any cause. The laws of love and kindness require that good should always be returned for evil. Let a man's faults be what they may, they should be remembered no more; that which is past cannot be recalled, and it is not our business to punish it, for retributive justice is nothing but vengeance. The duty of man to his fellow-man is to prevent the repetition of injurious acts to himself and others, in as humane a way as possible. This is the true spirit of peaceful and rational reform, and those who act differently are under the dispensation of force. It may be said, in reply, that reformers in all ages have acted in a spirit of retaliation; that even Jesus himself condemned to everlasting torments all who would not, or could not, believe his teachings, that nearly all the periodicals of the present time, and the world generally, abuse, slander, and denounce one another. True, and what does all that prove? Why, that the purest and best minds are only in a state of progression, "learning obedience by the things which they suffer." Those Abolitionists who appeal to censure and blame, as a means of removing Slavery, are in a transition state; they have their faces turned in the right direction, but not advanced far enough to see that the injury they inflict upon others retards the cause, and will, in time, recoil upon their own heads.

I do not wish to be understood as approving of that "all things to all men" kind of policy, that fears to speak out an unpopular truth. The farthest from it possible. I love a bold reformer, that fears nothing but doing wrong, (and in this those Abolitionists excel,) but their zeal is so fiery that it destroys much of their good works. I believe the real cause why the Standard is not supported may be found in its unkindness and want of toleration for those who differ from it in opinion. I think the readers of the paper are in advance of those who conduct it, and that a change in its spirit and temper would be more likely to succeed than reducing the price; two dollars is low enough for such a paper. It has always been conducted with great ability, and if the door was open for the return of those members who have been driven away from the Society, I think the subscription list would advance, especially if those eminent writers send in their contributions. You recommend to those who can afford it to take the "dauntless Liberator," and dauntless it is, in the true sense of the term. It fears nothing, and seems to care for nothing, but to avoid a medium between extremes. It hopes C. M. Clay may be the first to perish on the plains of Mexico. Such a sentiment would suit the middle ages to light up the fires of an Auto-de-fe, but it will make a dark spot in the history of a higher and more advanced civilization. Is it not time, my friends of the Standard, the Freeman, and the Liberator, to go ahead and "encompass this mountain no longer." Depend upon it, it's a small-business to engage in a crusade against others for difference of opinion; people will think differently, and think honestly too, while they are differently organized and educated. You might as well blame a man for a wide mouth or a large nose, as to blame him for what unfavourable circumstances have forced upon him. If you have valuable truths (which you have) that other people would be benefited in knowing, just inform them of the facts in the temper and tone of an equal, and not scold them for their ignorance, and call them hard names for being dummies, or for not knowing what you know. Young people are led astray by your example, from the simplicity and beauty of peaceful and rational reform. They hear you condemn and denounce the slaveholders, the clergy, the Liberty party, and everybody else who will not abolitionize on your platform until they are imbued with the same hostile feelings, the same party spirit, which narrow their minds and destroy their usefulness in every reform they engage in. An example of learning this flourish of hard words is to be found in the lower grades of society. Some clergymen use condemnation in the pulpit to frighten their hearers into an orthodox faith, and their hearers take the liberty when they go home to use the same epithets to their servants, their dogs, and their horses, which has introduced what is called profane swearing in the world. What has this spirit done for mankind, which says, "come out and be ye separate," but to root up and destroy the best feelings of the human heart? Its cry is, "stand off, I am holier than thou;" and it goes on with its "separation," its "disunion," its "come-out-isms," until it makes itself a minority indeed, and would, if not checked by some of the more rational tendencies of the mind, leave individuals separate and alone in the world, each one too conscientious to have any connection with his neighbour.

I enclose you four dollars, with the names and address of the subscribers I have obtained, and hope you will accept the above hints in the same spirit they are given. And that the Anti-Slavery cause may prosper in your hands, is the sincere wish of your friend,

8th mo. 11th, 1846. B. WEBB.

Miss Nancy Kendall, late of Leominster, Mass. left two thousand dollars to aid indigent students in the Cambridge Divinity School.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1846.

Our Paper.

We have announced from time to time the names of several persons as contributors to the editorial columns of the Standard, among whom are some of the best writers in the cause, and, we may say, in the country—men and women beloved and honoured by Abolitionists, and of high reputation in the literary world. Articles from nearly all of them have already appeared, and we are confident that to all discriminating persons the value of the paper has been greatly enhanced by their labours. No distinctive mark, however, has generally been added to these articles, because the details of the plan, which chiefly concerns themselves, and by which they choose to be governed, have not till within the week been settled. It has, moreover, been a question whether the best interests of the papers required that such mark should be given, or whether it were not sufficient that the paper be a good one, regardless of who or what made it so. The various reasons which have weighed upon the minds of those upon whom devolves the settlement of all such questions touching the manner of conducting the paper, need not be repeated. The result is all that our readers will care to know. It is decided that the better plan is that each article shall be so distinguished for the future that all may know whence it emanates. We are confident that to the great majority this arrangement will be perfectly satisfactory, and those who for any reason would prefer another, we presume will readily acquiesce in a decision which to them as individuals certainly can be no loss.

As some very natural curiosity has been expressed to know who were the writers of certain articles which have already appeared, it is not improper to give the names of the writers of such as we at the moment remember. That upon the elder Webster was by James Russell Lowell, and that upon the Oration of his son, F. Webster, was by the Rev. John Weiss. A tale, on the influence of a child over its father, and an article on C. M. Clay, were by Eliza Lee Follen. Among some smaller articles, and nearly all the book-notices, by Charles F. Briggs, of this city, has been that on S. M. Fuller, and the lines addressed to Cassius M. Clay. Wendell Phillips has contributed a leader on Governor Briggs, as well as some of less consequence. "True Worship" was by the Rev. Samuel May. The second on C. M. Clay was by Edmund Quincy, and both he and Maria W. Chapman have written some short articles, the titles of which are not now recollected, but which we presume were generally recognized. Others have appeared which their authors did not wish to have known as coming from them, and others still which we know are equally worthy of being mentioned, but which, not having a file before us, we cannot identify. But from the character of all, our readers will understand what is still in store for them.

Our arrangements are such that every paper, we trust, will contain one article at least from some one of our contributors. The letters of our Boston correspondent will appear every alternate week. We hope, also, to have a correspondent in Philadelphia, and are promised occasional contributions as heretofore, either from Baltimore, or some point further south. The interesting letters of R. D. Webb will bring us news from Ireland, and we have some expectation of another occasional correspondent in London, in addition to the one already engaged. We are promised also letters from Paris, by the bye. From time to time we may find other persons who will contribute to our columns as editorial contributors or correspondents, and with all these, with the communications of our agents, and others, in various parts of the country, we think we may safely repeat the promise made sometime since, that the *Standard* will be one of the most valuable papers published in this country.

Goodell on the Constitution.

We find in our basket William Goodell's pamphlet on the Constitution, and though aware of the maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," (never censure the *dead*,) still feel disposed to put on paper a few thoughts that occurred to us in reading it a year ago: they may fill a column—and may fill two, be finished in this paper, or extend to another, as the mood may be. We have been sometimes taunted with being afraid to attempt an answer to William Goodell and Lysander Spooner: and truly we have been afraid, but in another sense from that which was intended—afraid, that is to say, lest in the utter forgetfulness of the whole subject, we should run the dreadful risk of never being read. The time to discuss the Constitution was while we had one—while the successive administrations deemed it necessary, out of "decent respect to the opinions of mankind," to keep up the forms of the Constitution though they disregarded its spirit—as the Roman Emperor carefully preserved the consulship though he put in his horse for consul. But now that the South has finally triumphed,—has fixed in her imperial cap the bloody plume of Texan fellowship,—the force of constitutional observance is no longer necessary, and there seems to be a general inclination to discontinue the pretence. Henceforth constitutional discussions will be of little comparative importance.

Though we made some effort we were never able to procure a copy till long after the praises of Mr. Goodell's argument had been sounding through the press of the late Liberty party, which must account for any seeming neglect. Our criticism does not spring from any disrespect to Mr. Goodell's logical ability; we are among those who appreciate it very highly. To his able discussions of the Church and Slavery, and to his vigorous criticism of Adams's scruples about the power of Congres over the District of Columbia, we owe, in common with others, a debt, which none are more willing to pay. His previous essays seemed to mark him out as pre-eminently capable of grappling with the discussion of such a question as that to which he devotes these pages. But judging him by these pages he proves ludicrously incompetent. We are inclined to attribute the fault not to the man, but to the profession, if we are right in supposing that Mr. G. was educated for the pulpit. Clergymen almost always blunder when they talk of law. We wonder whether the same is true of lawyers when they try their hands at Divinity. Clergymen are constantly transferring the doctrine of the right of *private judgment* from the field of religion, where it is native and well-rooted, to the arena of civil law, where it is an absurdity. They have never been able to see that the word "law" has more than one meaning. They come to the interpretation of statutes bringing with them the rules of evidence, sources of proof, &c. &c. familiar to the pulpit, and the world laughs at the result; as it used to do at the elder mathematicians, who repudiated Christianity because the evidence for the Gospels was not of the same *quality* as that which proved that two and two made four, and that all the angles of a triangle were equal to two right angles. We make this criticism seriously, and shall have occasion to illustrate it when we come to Mr. Goodell's general principles of Constitutional law. Brilliant exceptions to it only prove the rule.

The first thing that struck us about the book was the great mass of useless quotation and reference. It is a storehouse, to which any one may have recourse, who stands in need of any of the common quotations of the Abolitionists of the last sixteen years. Old Jere. Mason, aware of the rottenness of his cause, when acting as counsel for Avery, is said to have adopted the plan of confusing the jury by examining witnesses for thirteen long days, well knowing that no man would dare convict when his conscience and intellect were both smothered down with such a mass. The result proved his cunning—the desparing jury took refuge in a verdict of acquittal. A similar instinct might have led to the plan of this book. Of the hundreds who have sounded its praises, not ten have ever read it through. We think we see them now glancing through its pages—noting its elaborate quotations from Blackstone and the Judges—amazed at the importance of dictionary definitions—charmed with the staring capitals and enticing italics—and then laying it gravely down, with a shake of the head, murmuring, "a very learned book. How Goodell always exhausts a subject!" And the next person they meet finds them decided in the opinion that "the Constitution is an Anti-Slavery instrument. Goodell has proved it beyond a doubt."

Mr. Goodell tests the relation of the Constitution to Slavery, firstly, by "strict construction," secondly, by reference "to the spirit of the instrument," and closes with his general "views of constitutional law." We shall have a word to say on each. The book does not admit of an answer. One might as well answer an encyclopedia. Mindful, therefore, of Coleridge's maxim, that, "to decide whether a joint of meat is poisoned, one needs taste but a mouthful, and is not obliged to eat it all through," we shall take a glance at his main points, and content ourselves with a specimen.

We might object to the absurd definition given of "strict construction," but there is not time; we pass to the first example. It is as follows—after quoting, "No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due."—*Constitution, Art. IV. Section 2, Clause 3.* Mr. Goodell says,

"Tell us by the rules of grammar, *who it is*, that '*shall be delivered up*,' &c. under this clause?

"According to the principles of grammar as taught by Murray, Smith, Kirkham, &c. it appears that—*No person* held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another * * * * * *shall be delivered up* on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due!

"Very satisfactory testimony, for the claimant, to be sure! * * By bringing his suit into the Court of "STRICT CONSTRUCTION," the *claimant* insists that the Grammar and the Lexicon, the *dead-letter* of the record, however subversive of *equity*, or of the *meaning intended* by the framers of the instrument, shall govern the decision to be made."

The reader will observe that Mr. Goodell creates for himself this opportunity of exhibiting a profound ignorance of grammar, by omitting the word "*but*" before "shall be delivered up," &c. The whole sentence reads "No person, &c. shall be discharged, &c. *but shall be delivered up*, &c. Now this form of expression is one of the most correct and common in our language. It is elliptical, and requires the insertion of the word "he" before "shall," "*but he* shall be delivered up," &c. It occurs frequently in the Bible, which Bishop Lowth, in his Grammar, calls the "best authority on our language." Mr. Goodell's new grammar would make sad work with the sacred pages. For instance—"No man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it," &c.; that is, according to our new grammarian, "No man ever nourisheth and cherisheth his own flesh!"

"No man cometh to the Father but by me," that is, "No man cometh to the Father by me"! Has Mr. Goodell so far outgrown his Yankee education as to have forgotten the Assembly's Shorter Catechism? We read in that good old compend, that "No mere man, since the fall, is able, in this life, perfectly to keep the commandments of God, *but doth* daily break them," &c. With what horrour would the Westminster divines start up from their graves of two centuries, could they hear their degenerate son telling his children that this meant, "No mere man doth break the commandments of God"!! We suppose it takes an angel to do that!

We marvelled as we read this astounding confession of ignorance, and were somewhat relieved by a note of Mr. G's. modestly attributing the honour of the discovery to Alvan Stewart. The use of such an argument by Wm. Goodell can only be explained on the ground of what old Samuel Johnson called "pure ignorance,"—its use by Mr. Stewart admits of various explanations.

Dear reader, if I have made clear to you the above specimen of bad grammar, rest assured that the law which follows is equally bad. The sample is a fair one.

The next page goes on to criticise the same clause further. The clause speaks of "persons," now Southern slaves, Mr. Goodell says, are held as "chattels," "things"—they cannot therefore be referred to. Abundant quotations are of course added, in all which the word "chattel" figures in capitals. The tub stands well for a few pages, then Mr. Goodell himself upsets it by a note on another point, as follows:

"I do not forget that the enactments of the slave States provide for the punishment of the slaves as *criminals*. But I contend that those enactments are in flat contradiction of the code that holds them as *goods and chattels personal*"

This lets out the secret. The staring capitals of previous quotations had told the truth, but not the *whole* truth. Southern law views the slave both as a "chattel," when it sells him, and a as person,—when it hangs him. The Constitution does the same, when it calls him "*a person held to service or labour.*" Suppose it had called him a "chattel", some future Goodell would have paraded pages of laws to prove that slaves were tried and hung as "persons", and could not be the individuals referred to by the Constitution when it spoke of "chattels". Our Constitution avoids both the Goodell that is, and the Goodell that is to be—It recognizes both characters of the slave by a *description* of the only kind possible in the circumstances, and the perfection of which human ingenuity could hardly surpass. We all know why the framers were ashamed to use the word (slave) which would have made a *description* unnecessary. To be sure, as Mr. Goodell declares, these Southern laws are "in flat contradiction" to each other; but if we have got to wait for a meaning to our National Constitution till some one reconciles the inconsistencies of Southern laws we shall be like the clown, in the fable, who was waiting for the river to run away.

Mr. Goodell goes on to criticise the word "due," in the same clause. He says: "The slave can make no contract, and hence nothing can be 'due' from him!" "His master cannot sue him at law nor can law enforce the payment." "Nothing can be legally *due* from a slave." In general, Mr. Goodell is fond of referring to Webster's dictionary, to clinch all his reasonings on this strict construction basis. As "due" is no technical, no legal word, but one of general and popular use, we might have supposed he would have given us here his favourite authority—But on this occasion the universal authority, Dr. Webster, is carefully eschewed. Let us see, by opening the dictionary, whether we find any special reason for this unwonted neglect. Dr. Webster defines "due" to be, 1st. that which one contracts to pay or do, &c. 2d. that which office, ** rank, *social relations*, &c. require to be done. 3d. that which *law* or custom requires, &c. So we see it would not do to cite the favourite dictionary when the only ground relied on to show that nothing could be "due" from a slave was, that he could not make a *contract* or be sued! Of course, as Mr. Goodell is a consistent man, he thinks that when the Psalmist tells us to "give unto the Lord the glory *due* unto his name," he means the glory we poor creatures have *contracted* to render to the Most High! and for which we could be sued! When Paul commands "Render unto all their dues, honour to whom honour, fear to whom fear, &c. he refers to those who have by regular deeds, signed, sealed, and delivered, agreed to *honour, fear*, and *pay tribute!*

Law says an infant cannot make a binding contract, but no statute forbids us to say that from the child obedience is *due* to the parent. Our friend's otherwise well-used dictionary must have been imperfect in the letter D, or such a worshipper of Webster could not have fallen into this mistake.

The truth is "due" means anything which contract, custom, or relation demand from one to another. In this clause it means such service as is due *by law*, whether a just law or an unjust one. The slave is described as a person "*held to service or labour by the laws of any State*," and is to be delivered to the person to whom "SUCH service or labour is due." Due how? Evidently, as the word *such* shows, referring to the past description, the service *due* is *that* service to which he is held *by the laws*. It matters not, therefore, whether he can make a contract or not, Law has established the relation. The laws of Massachusetts, for instance, recognize the right of the parent to control his son and secure his services: the *duty* growing out of the relation and not from contract. So the same State obliges an apprentice to obey the master to whom the Probate Judge has committed him, without any consent of his own The *law* which recognizes the *relation* of master and slave is similar. We do not call it just, but *it is law*. Before we close we shall notice Mr. Goodell's argument that nothing can be law which is not just. Here, by *his request*, we consult nothing but the dictionary. Let not the reader object to the seeming minuteness and trifling character of these distinctions. He must understand that in this part of the argument Mr. Goodell allows no reference but to dictionaries—either common or legal ones. He has chosen his principle of "construction,"—a foolish one as we have said; but our object in following him is to show that on *his own chosen ground*, his argument has no solid basis.

The pages which immediately follow, strike us as neither important, nor much relied on: they relate to the Slave-Trade and to insurrection—so we pass to the attempt, by the author, to show that Congress ought to abolish Slavery because, by the Constitution, it "guarantees to each State a republican form of Government." Leaving much inapplicable matter we come at once to the point made, that the word "republican" is so inconsistent with the toleration of Slavery, as to warrant the National Legislature to put it down. Quotations are made from the dictionary, of *course*, from Jefferson, and Madison, &c. Madison allows that the word republic has been usually, up to that time, applied by political writers to Holland, where the people had no voice in the State,—to Venice, while governed by a few hereditary nobles—to Poland, with monarchy in its worst form, and to England; but thinks strictly it should have a more precise definition. One definition by Jefferson, Mr. Goodell has *not cited*, he will find it on the 275th page of the 4th volume of Jefferson's Letters. After saying that "the term republic is of very vague description in every language—Witness the self-stiled republics of Holland, Genoa, Switzerland, Venice, and Poland." Mr. Jefferson continues, "Its precise and definite idea is a government by its citizens in mass, acting *directly and personally*, according to rules established by the majority." Such a Government he thinks only practicable within "such *an extent as a New England township*." Will Mr. Goodell agree to this one of Mr. Jefferson's latest and maturest definitions? Amid this discordant testimony, according *to his own showing*, he still claims that the word has by custom, such a settled stereotyped meaning, as to warrant him in hanging a whole Constitution on it! His conclusion is that "a State governed by a minority cannot be a republic." Madison thinks "no Government by a favoured class is a republic." Hence Mr. Goodell concludes slave States are not republican, and Congress should do its duty by making them so.

Let us look as this definition and see whether Mr. Goodell will bear all its applications—for if it be good for any case, it must be good for all. "A State governed by a minority cannot be a republic." Well then there never has been a republic in the world. There never was a State yet that admitted persons generally under twenty or twenty-one years old to vote, though every census shows that more than half the community alive are under twenty-one years of age. The world then has been always governed by minorities.

Again, the actual and possible voters of the most Democratic States here or elsewhere seldom exceed one-fifth of the whole population. For we must remember that at least one solid half of the community have been systematically excluded from all share in the Government; we mean, the women.

Again, on this principle, neither New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut are republics, for each of these is governed by *men*, while there are in each more women than men. Let not Mr. Goodell object to our bringing up the woman-question and the case of infancy. We go now for "strict construction," and with the very best spectacles, we can procure, we have been able to find no trace in the Constitution of any distinction made by it between men and women, or between infants and grown persons. On this occasion we cannot permit him to call in the "customs of society," or anything of that sort; his own principle confines him to the "*words*" of the Constitution, and if, at any time, weary of the confinement he wishes more space, he has our consent to revel at will through the boundless forest of Webster's Dictionary! but no further—and we hint in conclusion, that if no State "governed by a minority" can be a republic, Congress before meddling with other people had better look at home, since based on the votes of *grown up men*, it rests solely on the shoulders of the very small minority of about one-fifth of the people. This physician before tampering with others had better heal himself—This consideration shows how utterly unfounded is the criticism we are considering. The framers of the Constitution clearly meant to use the word in the general sense, common, as Madison says, in political disquisitions—to describe a free, popular Government, but not necessarily embracing universal suffrage or universal freedom. They could not mean to guarantee to others a system of government more perfect than that which they set up for themselves.

These remarks show the absurdity of attempting to stretch the *words* of the Constitution so wide that they may cover whole continents—The parchment cracks in the experiment, and the unlucky philosopher finds himself let down into a bog of innumerable difficulties. In trying to make out our fathers Abolitionists, he only succeeds at the cost of proving them fools. Let not Mr. Goodell object to the tests to which we have submitted his principles of interpretation. If the cup is bitter, let him recollect it is of his own brewing.

We may take up the book again.—R.

The Boston Whig.

An editorial article respecting the Whig, to which the letter of D. Y. in this week's Standard, makes allusion, appeared in the Standard of last week. It was written under a misapprehension of the real character of the conductors of that journal, and a partial ignorance of the aims of that division of the Whigs in Massachusetts which it represents. If Mr. Gay had not been absent, he would at once have discovered the unintentional injustice which was done by the writer, and have either rejected the article altogether, or materially altered its tone.

"I did n't know it was your majesty," stammered out the page, who slapped the great Frederick on the back, when he was looking out of a window. "Well, if you did n't," replied the king, "you need n't have slapped so hard." We hope, then, the majesty of the young Whigs will take the blow we gave it, by mistake, in the same royal humour.—R.

B. Webb's Letter.

We give place to Benjamin Webb's letter, partly because requested to do so by an esteemed friend, and partly because we have no objection to lay before our readers any phase of pro-slavery which may present itself. As to the charge of an "uncharitable spirit," made against the Standard, it is too ridiculous to need any serious refutation. That we are perfectly willing to leave with our readers, and we are confident that the decision will be universally in our favour among all who love the slaves' cause more than they hate some of its advocates. Here is the secret of B. Webb's vituperation. However much he may wish, and be willing to labour for the emancipation of the slave, he is far more anxious for the abolition of the slaves' cause, so long as it is conducted upon the great principles by which it now is. Harsh language, denunciation, even the very spirit of anger and hate are by no means objectionable to him as his letter proves. Were this reform conducted by Mr. Garrison and his associates in a spirit infinitely worse than he says it is, it is not that to which he would object. The secret of his objections must be sought for in something else. His is the spirit of new organization, and it is the narrowness of partisanship and the bitterness of bigotry combined.

Had we room, we might think it worth while to comment upon this letter at some length, but its character, we think, will be evident enough to everybody, from one fact. It says:—"It (the Liberator) hopes C. M. Clay may be the first to perish on the plains of Mexico. Such a sentiment would suit the middle ages, to light up the fires of an Auto-de-fe, but it will make a dark spot in the history of a higher and more advanced civilization."

Now who would believe, who did not see the Liberator, that Mr. Garrison has never uttered such a sentiment as this, and that it is only by a wilful perversion of his words, that any such meaning can be attached to them. Such is the character of Benjamin Webb's charity, kindness, and love of truth.

Another Cell Filled.—We mentioned sometime since that Wm. Harris, a preacher, was arrested in Tennessee, on a charge of kidnapping. We learn by later dates that he has been convicted by the Criminal Court of Memphis, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for five years. No particulars have reached us concerning the case.

Rewarded.—"We like to see some of those appointments coming this way *occasionally*," says a Massachusetts paper, in allusion to the appointment of R. T. Ingersoll, of New Haven, Ct. as Minister to Russia. Probably the paper in question is aware that Mr. Ingersoll is only receiving his pay for his uniform allegiance to his Southern masters, and particularly for his effort for the delivery of the Amistad captives to the Spanish Government.

☞ The *Norfolk County American*, in copying a portion of an article from this paper in which the fate of the Alton rioters is stated, says:

"What has become of the ci-leading Boston rioters? We recollect very well of being an idle spectator of the scenes that were begun, and ended in breaking up an abolition meeting in Washington street, some ten or more years ago. We saw, and noticed one man particularly, for he was not only distinguished for his active agency in the riot, but he was also known to us, by sight, as one of the distinguished and opulent merchants of Boston. He held a hammer in his hand, on the occasion referred to, and when we first saw him, he was engaged in taking down a sign.

We have, since that time, known him personally, as a beggar, and he is now a vagabond about the streets."

☞ The Anti-Slavery meeting at King street Wesleyan Chapel, on Monday evening, was well attended. James E. Burr, one of the three young men who were sentenced to twelve years imprisonment in the Missouri Penitentiary for the attempt to assist slaves to cross the river into a free State, was present, and related the facts attending their arrest, trial, imprisonment, and sufferings, during nearly the five years of their captivity. His tale was calculated to

"——Stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make an infant's sinews strong as steel."

The meeting was adjourned one week.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. V.

First of August at Abington.—Mount Auburn "in little.—Sunday meeting there.—The Red Lion and the Angel, and the philosophy of the same.—The Report on the Negro Schools.—Fitness and deserts of its Author.—Connection between piety and prejudice, and the necessary affinity between the Jim-Crow School and the Jim-Crow Pew.—All the glory of both given to God.—How foreign Pagans and American Christians treat their God.—Ancient and modern rule as to explaining difficulties by Divine interposition.—Reasonableness of American piety.—The minority Report and its author, Mr Edmund Jackson.—City Solicitor's opinion on the question, and Wendell Phillips's opinion of the opinion.—Majority signalize their prudence by refusing to print the minority Report.—Anecdotes promised of Prince Sanders, Primus Hall.—The article on the Boston Whig in the last Standard,—&c. &c. &c.

Boston, August 26, 1846.

It is a good while since the first of August, but it is not too late to tell you of what a successful time we had at Abington on that day. The spot where the meeting was held was one of the most lovely you could imagine. It was a miniature Mount Auburn, lying in the embrace of a piece of water which clasped it around on three sides. The day was fine and the scene singularly beautiful, alive as it was with throngs of people, some sauntering about the mimic hills and dales, some sitting in groups under the trees and along the water's edge. Several tents pitched in different parts of the grove added to the picturesque effect of the whole. The audience around the platform was very large and very attentive. Addresses were made by Messrs. W. A. White, A. Davis, E. Quincy, and several other gentlemen. The attendance was very numerous, and the interest in the occasion strong and well-sustained.

The next day there was held a meeting for general discussion in the same charming place. A large audience assembled, though of course less numerous than that of the day before, as there was no railway facilities of access. Addresses were made by Messrs. White, Davis, J. N. Buffum, Burr, of the Missouri Penitentiary, Quincy, and others. It was observable, however, that though the whole field of Reform was thrown open for the excursions of the speakers, they all very soon returned to the consideration of Slavery in some of its Protean forms of wickedness.

You remember the sign-painter, whose line of art chiefly lay in the portraiture of Red Lions, and who, when a heavenly-minded Boniface insisted upon his producing the counterfeit presentment of an angel, to tell the passers-by the glad tidings of "good entertainment for man and beast," replied, when he found all remonstrance vain, "Well, if you insist upon it, I will paint you an *angel*; but I tell you beforehand that it will look most confoundedly like a *red lion!*" So with us, let us begin where we would, we always ended with Slavery. The grim features of the red lion would perforce overpower the lineaments of any angel we attempted to portray. And it was natural and philosophical that it should be so. It is not because the red lion so permeates and saturates our minds alone with his one idea that we can draw nothing else, but because our eyes have been open to see that he actually is everywhere, and to know that no health or beauty can be restored to the Church, to the State, or to social condition, until his deforming presence has been withdrawn, that we insist upon hanging him in effigy, at least all the time before the people. I might enlarge on this point, but I make it a rule never to *preach* in my letters. I respect too much the sanctity of the editorial chair and of the pulpit.

The only noticeable event which has occurred since I wrote last, has been the publication of the Report of the sub-committee, to which was referred the petition of certain coloured citizens, for the abolition of the caste schools, to the Primary School Committee. This Report was adverse to the prayer of the petitioners. I presume it was written by the Rev. William Crowell, the editor of the Christian Watchman, as he was chairman of the Committee. Indeed it is a work which would seem to require the editor of a religious newspaper, at least, to produce it. It would do honour to any colonizing and evangelizing Doctor of Divinity in the land. It makes out a good title for its author to a doctorate. And if President Wayland will take my advice, the next Commencement at Brown College will see it bestowed.

Though the argument is not professedly religious, still it is substantially the same that is urged in defence of the analogous distinction which is made between believers of different coloured citizens, for the abolition of the caste schools, to the Primary School Committee. This Report was adverse to the prayer of the petitioners. I presume it was written by the Rev. William Crowell, the editor of the Christian Watchman, as he was chairman of the Committee. Indeed it is a work which would seem to require the editor of a religious newspaper, at least, to produce it. It would do honour to any colonizing and evangelizing Doctor of Divinity in the land. It makes out a good title for its author to a doctorate. And if President Wayland will take my advice, the next Commencement at Brown College will see it bestowed.

Though the argument is not professedly religious, still it is substantially the same that is urged in defence of the analogous distinction which is made between believers of different colours in the House of God. The Jim-Crow pew cannot long remain a

in making people black, he cannot expect those of his favourite complexion to treat them as equals. Indeed, he did not mean they should, and so has placed this mark upon them, as he did upon Cain, (from whom their genealogy would undoubtedly be derived, were it not for the unlucky intervention of the Deluge,) that they may be shunned.

It is strange with what freedom American Christians treat the Deity they profess to worship. Notwithstanding their loud professions of reverence and obedience, and although they do build ugly little wooden houses all over the country for him to live in, I cannot think that they treat him well. Some of the Pagans, whom they are at such pains to make as good as themselves, when things do not go to their minds, make no scruple of giving their gods a good scolding, or, if need be, of treating them to a sound thrashing. But this discipline is certainly much more rational and less disrespectful than that administered to their Divinity by Christians of this Republic, who attribute to him the glory of every dirty, mean, cruel, bloody, villainous action they choose to commit. Who, as Jeremy Taylor would say, "lay their misbegotten brats at God's door!"

The rule of ancient criticism was, that a God should never be introduced upon the stage, unless the occasion was one worthy of such an interposition. But no occasion is too slight, if it be only bad enough, for American piety to invoke the Divine countenance. Is it convenient for us to catch a man and make him work for us for nothing, with a cart-whip over his shoulders and a musket at his breast, by way of persuasion and reward; does patriotism demand that a few hundred or thousand men should be killed or maimed by bullet or bayonet, to make it right for us to steal our neighbour's land; is a man to have his neck broken at public expense; does any other especial rascality seem profitable to us? It is not we that do it! Oh no! It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes! It is no wonder that the American people are eminently a religious people when they have so convenient a God to serve; or rather one so convenient to serve them. But, bless me, here have I been *preaching* through two whole paragraphs!

The fallacies and absurdities of the majority Report (which was swallowed with all of them upon its head by the body to which it was made, by a vote of 59 to 16!) were handsomely showed up in the minority Report, signed by Edmund Jackson, and Henry I. Bowditch.—This Report is written with singular clearness, vigour and ability, and does the highest honour to its author Mr. Edmund Jackson. Mr. Jackson is a brother to Francis Jackson, a name so well known and beloved by Abolitionists everywhere. His anti-slavery is of the most thorough and uncompromising character, having been learned in a good school, during a residence of some years in Charleston, S. C. and improved by extensive travel in the slave States. Though he has had no advantages of education besides those afforded by the common, schools and that "best of educations," as Gibbon calls it, which a man gives himself, there are few technically "educated men" who equal him, not only in copiousness and arrangement of matter, but in terseness and elegance of style. I hope you will endeavour to induce him to become one of your regular contributors.

The decision of the Committee was bolstered up by the legal opinion of the City Solicitor, Peleg W. Chandler, which bolster Wendell Phillips has endeavoured, and with tolerable success, to make a pillow of thorns, by a Review of the same, appended to the minority Report. The Committee having, naturally enough, refused to print the minority Report in connection with their own, it had to be published at the expense of the minority and their friends. A dispensation of public justice, not unlike that of our Puritan ancestors, who, for some offence used to condemn the culprit "to be hanged and *fined forty shillings!*"

I meant to have told you, *apropos* to this matter, some anecdotes touching two or three coloured men of the last generation, Primus Hall, Prince Sanders, &c. whose names are mentioned in the course of the controversy; but I must defer them till my next letter. I think you will consider them worth the telling.

I was sorry to see the article of your contributor in the last Standard, on the Boston Whig. I am sure that if your absence from New-York had not prevented you from seeing it before it went in, it would not have appeared without material modification. The Whig, as its name implies, does not take the Anti-Slavery ground of the American Society; and, consequently, is not to be judged strictly by its standard. Our principles are universal; and of course, we demand of all men to accept of them and of the method which necessarily accompanies them. But until persons connected with a political party or a religious sect are ready to receive our doctrine and follow in our footsteps, all we have reason to expect from them is a consistent application of their own principles to the matter of Slavery. And when a political paper does this with the faithfulness and ability which has marked the Whig since it has been in the hands of its present editor, it is neither just nor gracious to visit it with the severity or sarcasm which should be reserved for hypocrisy or backsliding alone. They should meet with cordiality and sympathy, and be urged to come up to the only ground tenable in this great conflict, rather than be repulsed with ridicule and contempt. D. Y.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The Dublin Correspondent in Liverpool, and Why.—Meets H. C. Wright.—Watching for Garrison.—The Free Church and the Blood-Money.—Wealth of Liverpool.—A discriminating Boniface.—Prince Albert in Liverpool.—English, Irish and American Loyalty.—Visit to Birkenhead and Chester.—Value of an Abolitionist estimated in Princes.—Rapid growth of Birkenhead.—Arrival of Garrison.—Custom-House Anti-Slavery.—Their plans,—&c. &c. &c.

LIVERPOOL, August 1, 1846.

MY DEAR GAY:—Garrison has arrived, and here am I. The first of these "great facts" is connected with the second—for it requires explanation that "our Irish correspondent" should date from England. The anamoly is such as might be expected from a Paddy, and I am sure Brother Jonathan is too fiercely patriotic to find fault with me for being natural. It is one of the absurdities of exclusive nationality that it presents the exaggerations of a peoples character as something worthy of special idolatry. Therefore I beg you particularly to observe that I disdain to confine my sheet to such remarks and incidents as ought naturally to be looked for from an Irishman, and that I mean to take the largest liberty, and to wander at "my own stout will" wherever any flowers can be culled for the delectation of Yankee noses.

I arrived here on the morning of the 29th, on my way to London, hoping to meet H. C. Wright and Garrison here, and "to go South" with them." Henry I met on the way to the hotel—he had set out to look for me, having just come up from the pier head where he had been inquring for the Britannia. Having disposed of my impediments, we returned to the quay together, and there we spent the live-long day watching every steamboat that rounded the Rock, from whence the first view is obtained of this great emporium of commerce. The day was hazy, so that in the Exchange News Room of the Liverpool merchants, the telegraph slate contained only a slip of paper with the words "No Telegraph for fog." In this state of things we had but to wait and watch from morn till dewy eve; for any moment the Great Liner might sail round, and the report of her gun announce her arrival.

So there we sat, and walked, and talked on subjects, past, present, and future, that interested us after a separation of more than eighteen months. H. C. Wright had much to tell me, not of adventure by floods and field, but of his doings since he commenced what I look upon as a hopeless enterprise—I mean his gigantic project of inducing the Free Church of Scotland to send back that blood-stained money." I don't think that they will ever send it back. This would be too great a stretch of magnanimity to expect from men who have condescended to look to slaveholders for assistance in building up the walls of their Zion. The leaders of the Free Church are unable to appreciate the dignity they would confer upon their Church, the service they would render to humanity, the glory they would re ap in the estimation of all honest men, by disgorging the plunder of the poor, the robbers' dollars, the condensed essence of the blood and tears of the slave-representation as that money is, of an incalculable amount of moral degradation and soul murder.

They will never return the money—but no matter—like Latimer, H. C. Wright, followed by Thompson, Douglass, and Buffum, have lighted up a moral flame amongst the intelligent, reflective, and high-minded portion of the Scottish people, that will long burn upon her ancient hills, to cheer the lover of true liberty, and scare the guilty slaveholder and his meaner abettor. If Wright had done nothing more by his visit to the British Islands than to rouse the mind of Scotland as he has done, I would say that his time had not been ill bestowed, and that he had not worked and laboured in vain. It is heart-cheering and soul-elevating to meet with those who spend and are spent in going about doing good, who are not ensnared by the lust of avarice or ambition, who evince by their lives as well as their conversations that they not only love the right but are willing to labour for it.

This day spent on the wharves and quays of Liverpool gave me a much better idea of the vast extent of the wealth and commerce of this great town than I have ever before had any opportunity of forming. I had often been here before, but had never filled my mind so full of all that is to be seen. It is no wonder that traveller's tales are proverdially unworthy of belief, and that they are so liable to hasty conclusions and wrong impressions, when we consider how extremely hasty is the glance they generally take of what they really see. Everything shifts before them with the rapidity and indistinctness of a magic lantern. Here the forests of shipping, the countless number of boats, steamers, and craft of all kinds that crowd the broad bosom of the Mersey, is perfectly astounding. It is in continual motion—the objects on the water are forever changing. All is full of life and energy. The massiveness of the quays, the size and solidity of the docks, the completeness and costliness of the drawbridges, and all the paraphernalia of a great port, impresses the mind of a poor Paddy like myself with ideas of an extent of wealth beyond that of Cræsus or Solomon.

Well; we spent the day in this way; but the Britannia did not come. I should say that the town was, perhaps, more than ordinarily full and busy, as Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, was expected the following day, on a visit to Liverpool, for the important purposes of giving his name to a new set of docks about to be opened, and of laying the first stone of a new Sailors' Home, which will be shortly erected. Having heard it rumoured that very high prices, five or six times greater than ordinary, would be demanded for beds, we thought it best to make our bargain, and on our asking Brown, the proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, Clayton Square, where we had put up, he frankly told us his charge, to "ordinary parties,"—(such as myself)—for the two following nights, would be two and a half dollars per night, but, that from H. C. Wright, and from W. L. Garrison, when he came, he would not demand more than the usual rates. Now this difference was made for their works' sake, and at an actual sacrifice, for Brown could have readily obtained inmates who would have freely paid him the full demand which was no more than was asked and given in other equally respectable hotels.

The 30th was a great day for Liverpool, but it did not bring the Britannia. The weather was still hazy, and "No Telegraph for Fog," was still the report in the News Room. Many anxious inquirers, as well as ourselves, were to be found on the pier-head, and there were many surmises as to the cause of the good ship's being now out the 14th day, at this fine season of the year, and with the favourable winds that had prevailed for the past few weeks. Prince Albert arrived about 12 o'clock by an Express train, in about 5 hours (212 miles) from London, and the whole great town swarmed like a bee-hive. Guns fired, cannon thundered, steamboats hurried across the river, crammed with well-dressed people of all classes, with happy, expectant faces, brimful of loyalty,—a sentiment most abundant in England, little felt in Ireland, and, from anything I can learn, hardly comprehended in the United States, unless, perhaps, in the South, their fidelity to "the peculiar institution" be something like it, and in the North it may be matched by the prevalent idolatry towards the Constitution, and the name of Washington.

The shops (or stores) were mostly closed, and all business in the merchants' offices and banks suspended, throughout this and the following day. The windows were hung with flags and banners, inscribed with the words, "Long live Prince Albert,"—"Welcome to Liverpool,"—and such-like. Across the streets were hung festoons of flowers, after the fashion of triumphal arches, and, in short, nothing could surpass the gratification of high and low, rich and poor, at the honour done them by his Royal Highness, in permitting them to bask in the light of his countenance. The number that filled the streets was prodigious, and the good order and good humour quite wonderful, that reigned amidst this vast and heterogeneous multitude. One fine thing about it, was, that the people got a holiday,—and they seemed fully disposed to enjoy it to the full. On this day (the 30th) the Prince drove through the town, amidst hundreds of thousands of gaping mouths, and admiring eyes, and embarked at one of the wharves on board a royal steam-yacht, which, I heard, was built for the occasion, and which came round from London, that this young man might take a short trip on the river, for the gratification and delectation of the good town of Liverpool.

During this trip, the yards of many of the ships in the river were manned with the sailors, in their white trousers and blue jackets, and trimmest toggery, and nearly every vessel within sight, too, gaily bedecked with flags, and floating pennants, that made up a beautiful show,—enough to make anybody loyal that loved a holiday. This trip was followed by a *Déjeuner*,—by which I understand, in ordinary, a slight breakfast,—but, in the present case it could have been no slight breakfast,—for there were eight hundred guests, and I am told that each guest was provided for at a cost of about ten dollars. In the evening, at the Town Hall, they had a banquet, on a similar scale of costliness, at which three hundred guests were partakers. The town was illuminated, and there was a grand display of fireworks. In short, if all the children in Liverpool, both young and old, were not delighted, I can't help it.

But you will doubtless be interested, to know that I saw neither fireworks or illuminations, for, as I was not invited to the banquet, and did not choose to pay two and a half dollars for my bed, I set out on a voyage of discovery, crossed the river to Birkenhead for two-pence, went by railway to Chester for two shillings, took a walk through this strange old town,—one of the oldest and most interesting in England, (you will find all about it in the Gazetteers,)—visited an old countryman—a patriarch of '88,—who was much pleased to see an Irish face, went to bed, returned to Liverpool in the morning by 7 1-2 o'clock, (Chester is about 17 miles from Liverpool,) and found H. C. Wright waiting for me on the pier, with the news that there was no news, and that this weary Cunard had not yet made her appearance.

On the 31st there was a grand procession of the Liverpool coopers, and shipwrights, and engineers, and Odd Fellows, and corporation, and parsons, followed by Prince Albert in an open carriage, accompanied by Lord Morpeth, the Marquis of Abercorn, and the Mayor of Liverpool. He is a pale, quiet-looking young man, wears moustaches, and looks by no means remarkable. Some Irish friends of mine at Birkenhead, on whom I called, when they heard that I was expecting the arrival of William Lloyd Garrison, expressed the most eager interest, and said that they would rather see him than fifty Prince Alberts. From anything I know, or have heard, I imagine that fifty princes would make but a poor equivalent.

Having mentioned Birkenhead more than once, I may as well say that, I doubt, if anything that you have to boast of, in the way of extraordinary growth, in any of your cities or towns, exceeds the wonderful progress of this town, which has started into existence within the last ten years, out of the barren sands that occupied the Chester shore of the Mersey, opposite to Liverpool. The ground occupied more or less by buildings, extends, I should think, fully four miles in one direction, and two miles in another. There are many vacant spaces—much of the outline that remains to be filled up—but then, there are stately squares, rows of noble houses, fine streets, vast docks projected, a spacious park, beautifully laid out in the ornamental style, planted with shrubs, and furnished with pieces of water. The exhibition of enterprise, wealth, and power, is amazing. Everything is done in the most substantial and permanent style. The greater part of the space, however, is occupied with the residences of the merchants, traders, and persons holding subordinate situations in Liverpool. Here they enjoy a purer air than could be had in the enormous, ugly, and crowded town.

While the procession was expected, the streets in the line of march were densely crammed. The windows, and, wherever it was possible, the tops of the houses, were filled with spectators. Balconies, erected for the occasion, were occupied at rates varying from half a dollar to two dollars each. Henry C. Wright and myself took our station along with the multitude, on the sidewalks, partly in well-assumed indignation at so much folly, and partly because we had neither of us much money to spare,—so we grumbled, and stretched our necks in the crowd.

When the show passed, we paid another visit to the American Mail Company's office, in Water street, and learned that the Britannia had just come in, and was gone up the river to the Coberg Dock, so we followed her, and waited till she wore round, and took her place alongside the quay. Before this, however, we recognized our friend, who was much pleased to see familiar faces waiting for him, for he did not expect to see any he knew in Liverpool. We waited till all the passengers' luggage was taken out, and removed to the customs' depot for examination.

I should have mentioned that the fog, which kept the Telegraph from working, was the cause of the extraordinary delay in the arrival of the Britannia. She was detained at the commencement of her voyage, and was near meeting a serious accident by striking on a sunken horse-shoe reef, from which she was extricated with difficulty. If she had not been creeping at a slow rate when this occurred, she would have inevitably received serious injury. As it happened, it was found necessary to use the pumps, with the help of the engines, for a good part of the voyage. She arrived on the 15th day, just two days after we had been given to expect her.

A large trunk full of books and tracts, brought over by Garrison for gratuitous distribution, was promptly passed without charge by the officer, who was familiar with his name and his labours. If the *letter* of the law had been insisted on, they would have probably cost some pounds duty,—but, as they were not meant for sale, its *spirit* was probably not invaded. These instances of sympathy with their noble efforts, cannot fail to gratify American Abolitionists. Garrison looks right well, and is in good health and spirits, full of zeal and hope, and unabated in his enthusiasm on behalf of every good work. It was most refreshing to see him,—his eye not dimmed, nor his natural strength abated, though I fervently hope he is far, very far, from that crisis, at which this was said of Moses. As H. C. Wright often says, "we had a fine, long talk; I can tell you,"—questions and answers were kept up, and have continued with little intermission. We mean to proceed to London on the 3d. The Temperance World's Convention takes place on the 4th.—I imagine it will be based somewhat similarly to the Anti-Slavery meeting of the same pretensions, held in 1840. We shall see. Some new faces will be there, and something may be learned, and something done for good, if we only keep our eyes open. Garrison does not mean to remain long in London. I hope he will form some acquaintances among the leaders of public opinion there. I have procured letters of introduction for him to some individuals, who are already well-known as pleaders for humanity,—and I know of no way in which his mission can be of greater service, than by private intercourse with Jerrold, Howitt, and others of that increasing class, who prefer facts to dogmas, and the promotion of the good of man, to scholastic squabbles, for the glory of God. Punch, you know, is an Abolitionist, in the sense of abhorring and scorning slaveholders, and their apologists. The Daily News has latterly published some noble and most intelligent articles on the position of things with you, in reference to Anti-Slavery. I am not a great hoper, but I do feel confident that Garrison's visit will be of use,—and that for his health, for the sake of the slave, and for the hastening of a brighter and better day to the United States, and through them to the world, it is well for him to be here. Yours very truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

Letter from England.

Waiting for Garrison—His Arrival—Probable Course in England.

LIVERPOOL, August 2d, 1846.

DEAR FRIEND: Here we are in Brown's Temperance Hotel—in a little upper room—Garrison, R. D. and James H. Webb, and myself—in a pretty plight. Such a scene! Garrison has opened his budget—his trunks—his pamphlets, books, papers, mouth and heart, and he is now pouring out upon us a torrent of *Garrisonism*; for I am not willing to allow him to speak for any but for himself. He and the Webbs are this moment in from a meeting; and the *man* despising religion of Christendom, is receiving a share of their attention. Our little room looks very much like Garrison's editorial chair, desks, and room—pamphlets, papers, bocks, maps, ink, pen and paper—scattered all around. R. D. Webb is writing at my side. The heat is extraordinary for this country—much resembling New-York or Philadelphia.

I came from Glasgow, Monday last, July 27th, leaving the Smeals, Murrays, Patons, and Reids, there, all well and most anxious to get Garrison among them. Arrived in Liverpool on Tuesday, to await the arrival of Garrison on Wednesday morning. R. D. W. arrived from Dublin for the same purpose. We waited on the George's pier-head, amid the dust and turmoil of multitudes, embarking and disembarking from steamers, and under a scalding sun—clear and scalding as the sun ever can be in this kingdom. There we sat on *iron* posts, on *stone* blocks, on old barrels, old trucks, mounching our *schrimps* and *sandwiches*—straining our eyes to penetrate the thick fog, to see down the Mersey—if the Britannia were coming, and every now and then bothering the policemen and dockmen about her probable arrival. But the 29th, Wednesday passed away and no Britannia. Thursday, the 30th, we again took our stand on the pier- head, and there we watched during another long, burning, busy day. No Britannia. We began to feel anxious. Again, on Friday morning, 31st, we took our stand and watched. About 2 o'clock, P. M. the Britannia passed up the river by the town to Coberg dock—her accostomed station—a mile above where we were. We expected the passengers would be landed in a lighter—but none did. We went up to the dock in a great heat and haste, and about 4 o'clock the steamer was hauled into the dock. We had recognized Garrison on board, and soon as she touched the pier, hastened on board to welcome him—thankful that our anxiety was at an end. I cannot express to you, my satisfaction at meeting our dear, single-hearted world-loving, sternly-upright Garrison. It is nearly four years since I last parted with him in Washington street, Boston. I felt that I had once more met the friend of God and man—*the* man and *the* Christian of the nineteenth century—for in this light will he be regarded by future generations when the *spell* of observancies and institutions shall be broken, and *man*, now victimized to these priestly and political enchantments, shall be loved and valued because he is man, and as he come from the hand of his Creator, and not as he comes from the hands of tailors, jewellers, and custom of parliaments and presbyteries.

We passed him through the Custom house. "These horrid Governments!" "This detestable machinery!" "The Custom house shall be abolished!"—and the like, pouring out of his mouth in torrents, despite the presence of John Bull, and John Bull's sword. But John Bull was very good-natured for all that, and, if Garrison has not the grace to acknowledge his country, he is not the man I took him to be. But we have him with us, and shall keep him here to the last possible day,—probably, the 19th of October. He will have to work. To-morrow (August 3d) we go to London, and there to settle our future movements.

As to the way in which Garrison's visit is to be made available to the Anti-Slavery cause in America—the great object of his coming. It will not be by public meetings. This was the feeling among those interested in his coming, before he arrived, and we are glad to find that his views, and those of his friends at home, coincide with ours. There will be some public meetings, but the friends of the slave at home must not expect to hear much about these. For myself, I pray that Garrison may never be made a *lion* of, in any country, with a religion and Government which, like those in Britain and America, exist and fatten on human blood. I have no fear that he will be. May Garrison ever be *hated* and *outcast*, by all that is oppressive and cruel! He will be. A God of Love, and Justice, will not suffer it to be otherwise;—so I think. His great object will be more surely gained, by social, domestic, familiar interviews with individuals, who are, in a measure, prepared to hear him, and to learn the *wrongs* of the slave, and the means of removing them. This will, probably, be the general course of proceeding. He can, and will do much, to lay before some influential, intelligent men and women, the political and religious ramifications of Slavery, and the only remedy. But I cannot yet say much about it. Frederick is to meet us in London on the 4th or 5th; and will, I hope, be with Garrison in all his travels and meetings in the country. I saw him a week since in Glasgow, and he said he thought he should come home with him in October. I am winding up all my affairs here, to cross the ocean once more, with Garrison.

Our watchings on the pier-head for Garrison, were relieved by the sight of *royalty*, and the sound and turmoil of loyalty. Albert was in town on Thursday and Friday, (30th and 31st)—*two hundred thousand*, at least, in his wake,—at an expense to Liverpool, it is said, of *fifty thousand pounds!* It was a gay scene, however, and a good-natured. Albert has a good-natured, dull, unmeaning face,—just fit to shoot hares and fawns, after some more active spirits have run them into a corner.

H. C. WRIGHT.

To M. W. CHAPMAN.

To Correspondents.

S. S. of M. We sympathize with him in his misfortune. As he values the paper so highly it will be sent him gratuitously for the ensuing year.

D. I. G. of Ia. Does he not also regret to see controversy with slaveholders, or their avowed abettors? *Calling* the tail a leg, does n't make the calf have five legs, as the boy said to his father.

H. P. W. Postage is charged according to the law, from the place where the publication is actually printed. Nothing can be saved, therefore, by the plan he proposes. He can, no doubt, make a satisfactory arrangement, however, at the Boston office.

S. A. R. This excellent letter does not come within the rule which we are obliged to prescribe for our paper. We have forwarded it, however, to the Liberator, which, we presume, will suit as well.

S. M. The book has reached us since his letter was received. We are glad to get it.

E. D. H. Did he receive a letter from us some ten days since?

J. C. H. Shall hear speedily. All right and were duly honoured.

J. W. P. We acceed to his proposition, though unusual. W. B. of B. has already stopped his paper without paying.

T. B. W. He will have received the account he asks for ere this.

A. C. of C. He will be credited on our books for one year from the first number he received, without regard to the old account on the H. of F.

W. P. The correction was fully in season. Will he not use his last epistolatory style in his future contributions?

S. P. Will have observed that the letter was received. May both "it" and ourselves always be in such good quarters!

B. T. The letter of August '45 was never received. His request shall be complied with. We wish we had more such from persons in whom we could rely as implicitly as in him.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Beautiful Land; The Lost Leader; Truth and Beauty; The Balm of Speech; A Good Man. *Miscellany:* The Cranberry Pasture; Reminiscences of the late Elizabeth Fry; Thomas T. Stone; Peculiarities of Adam Smith; Anecdote.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Letter from a Slaveholding Brother in the Southwest; John Randolph's Slaves. *Selections:* The Slave Pauline; Extract from the Non-Slaveholder; John Wesley; Randolph's Freedmen; Interference; Letter from Cassius M. Clay; Congress. *Communications:* Letter from the Sandwich Islands; Letter from E. D. Hudson.

SECOND PAGE.—"How to Vote"; Letter from Wilmington, Delaware.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

A Bloody Occurrence.—A gentleman from Charles county, Maryland, has given the "American" the particulars of a melancholy affair which occurred in the lower section of that county, during the latter part of last week. A slave named George, "a most desperate character," belonging to John D. Bowling, ran away from his master last March, since which time he has been roving about the country, committing numerous depredations. Last week, information having been obtained of his whereabouts, a party, among whom was a young white man named Jesse Cook, started in pursuit of him. He was found on the plantation of Edward Keach. As he refused to surrender himself, a large dog was set on him, which he killed with a blow of a scythe. Mr. Cook then advanced, when he struck him with the scythe, completely cutting through his collar bone, down into his breast, and producing instant death. The slave, it seems, then made his escape, and up to the time the informant left the county, he had not been captured.

Mr. William Hamilton, of Bradenburgh, Ky. was killed by a female slave last week. He had beaten the slave for insolence to his mother. She was then removed by him to his farm near Bradenburgh, and on visiting it a few days after, she came upon him by stealth, and plunged a butcher knife into his side.

Read and Think.—"A few days since, a negro man belonging to Captain Newport, of East Baton Rouge, La. while closely pursued by the dogs of Mr. Roark, ascended a tree, and hung himself. Mr. Roark, with Captain Newport's son-in-law and overseer, were in pursuit of a runaway slave. They did not know this negro was out."—*Times.*

A specimen of the "California soap onion from California, was exhibited at the Horticultural rooms, in Boston, on Saturday week. It is used for washing clothes and is said to serve instead of soap for that purpose.

The Catholic Chaplains, sent out by President Polk to officiate for the soldiers professing that faith, undertook to address the citizens at Matamoras, and applied for the use of a church. The church was refused, either to preach or speak in.

Crime and its Penalty.—A man by the name of Bright, living in North Carolina, lately shot a negro, wounding him so severely that the poor fellow died shortly after. Bright was arrested, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of *five dollars!!*

We are sorry indeed to learn, that last Sunday, *a slaveholding minister* was permitted to preach in a Northampton pulpit!—*Hampshire Herald.*

Property of Females in New Hampshire.—A law has just passed, intended to secure to married women rights in property, real and personal, which they have in their own right; protecting them from the debts of their husbands. The property of the wife is held liable for her own debts contracted before or after marriage. It also grants to females the right of disposing of their own property.

Married,

At New-York city, August 5, by Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, Mr. *R. N. Philbrick*, of Pittsfield, to Miss *Lucy Bean*, of Scituate, Mass.

At Bath, Me. 10th instant, by Rev. Mr. Dike, Mr. *Joseph B. Leonard*, of Boston, to Miss *Charlotte Ann*, only daughter of R. P. Morse, Esq.

At Northampton, Va. 4th instant, Lieutenant *Thomas L. Ringgold*, U. S. A. to Miss *Susan P. B.* only daughter of the late Hon. Abel P. Upshur.

At Cambridge, 30th ultimo, by Rev. Joseph Parker, *Charles Ingersoll*, Esq. of Boston, to *Caroline A. A. Sawyer*, of C.

At Newton county, Ga. by a Justice of the Peace, Mr. *Laborn Horton*, to Miss *Jane Bishop*. The parties stood on one bank of the river Alcova, while the officiating magistrate, with the voice of a stentor, read out the ceremony from the opposite bank—a distance of seventy paces.

Died,

Drowned on the 20th instant, *Dr. Lewis Beach*, son of Dr. Wooster Beach, of this city aged 22 years.

In Farmington, Me. Mrs. *Betsy Abbott*, wife of Jacob Abbott, Esq. aged 73, formerly of Concord. She was the mother of five sons, all of whom are ministers of the Gospel, and three of them distinguished as authors.

In Portland, Capt. *Lemuel Moody*, aged 79. He was for nearly forty years superintendent of the Portland Observatory, in the erection of which he was actively instrumental.

At Hadwick, Vt. 6th instant, Mrs. *Eunice* relict of the late Leonard Worcester, aged 76.

At Marseilles, (France,) on the 12th of July last, *Edward Fellyplace*, Esq. a native of Marblehead, Mass. and formerly a merchant of Boston, aged 68 years.

In Boston, on Sunday morning, *Harrison Gray*, Esq. bookseller, aged 54.

At New Ipswich, N. H. 13th instant, Dea. *Abel Kendall*, formerly of Leominster, Mass. aged 75.

At St. Louis on the 20th ultimo, *William Walters*, editor of the Illinois State Register.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from August 17, to August 22, 1846.

Nathan Grave,	Richmond, Ia.	1 00
Jesse Wright,	"	1 00
Mary B. Swaine,	Millwood, Ohio.	1 00
Joseph Adams,	Portland, Me.	1 00
E. T. Varnum,	" "	1 00
Nathan Cummins, Esq.	" "	1 00
Samuel Haskell,	" "	1 00
Jacob Kimball,	" "	1 00
Samuel Hale,	" "	1 00
John Haverfield,	Cadiz, Ohio.	1 00
Margaret George,	" "	1 00
Phebe Barrett,	" "	1 00
Sarah Ditmas,	" "	1 00
John R. Barcroft,	" "	1 00
John Lyle,	" "	1 00
Jane Mulligan,	" "	1 00
M. Wilson,	" "	1 00
Robert Livsley,	New Brighton, Pa.	1 00
T. B. White,	" "	1 00
Abiel Chandler,	Concord, N. H.	1 00
Cyrus North, Nelson,	Portage, Ohio.	1 00
E. F. & J. M. Curtis,	Farmington, "	1 00
Abby A. King,	Chardon, "	1 00
J. C. Wells,	Claridon, "	1 00
C. P. Knight,	Fowlers's Mill, "	1 00
Orrin Gates,	" "	1 00
Reuben Rowland,	New Lyme, "	1 00
S. M. Gardner,	Jefferson, "	1 00
Walter Holly,	Parkman, "	1 00
Wesley Cogue,	Perrine, Pa.	1 00
Sarah Hance,	Malcedon, N. Y.	1 00
Mary J. Jubiter,	Geneva, "	1 00
Nancy Lucas,	" "	1 00
George W. Allen,	" "	1 00
Isaac T. Hollister,	E. Bloomfield, "	1 00
Phebe Woodruff,	Manchester, "	1 00
Isaac T. Hollister,	Victor, N. Y.	5 00
Enoch Heberd,	Randolph, Vt.	1 00
Abagail Mott,	Albany, N. Y.	7 00
S. H. Parker,	North Andover, Mass	25
Edmund Davis,	" "	1 00
George Davis,	" "	1 00
Osgood Dane,	Somerville, "	25
Dr. Walter Channing,	Boston, "	1 00
Amos Kimball,	Hillsborough, N. H	1 00
David Joy,	Northampton, Mass	3 00
Titus Haight,	Skaneateles, N. Y	1 00
L. Bache,	Well-boro, Pa.	1 00
		—$42 50

DONATIONS.

Pliny Sexton,	Palmyra, N. Y	10 00
Collections at Rochester,		2 53
From Rev. Robt. P. Graves, of Bowness, England, for *Old Organization*,		5 00
		— 17.43
Total Amount,		$59.93

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Two able advocates of the cause of liberty—E. D. HUDSON, and WM. W. BROWN, are now laboring in your county, and will hold meetings at the following places. Their success, and the interests of the cause, will depend very much upon your active co-operation, in procuring places for meetings, extending notices, and in aiding them in procuring subscribers for the Standard. Are there not some among you who will

VOLUNTEER

To spend one, two, or three weeks, or more, in Freedom's cause, and go with these brethren from house to house, and from town to town? Let it not be said of Western New-York, that from among her sons, Slavery can get more volunteers to fight her infamous battles in Mexico, than Freedom can number in her army. Come to the rescue, then, one and all, and let the question be decided.

"For he who settles Freedom's principles,
Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
Who speaks the truth, stabs falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than even Brutus with his dagger could."

ERIE COUNTY.

Springville,	Monday,	August 24th,	at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Aurora,	Friday,	" 28th,	"
Wales Centre,	Saturday,	" 29th,	"
East Hamburg,	Sunday,	" 30th,	"
Clarence Hollow,	Tuesday,	September 1,	at 7 o'clock, p.m.
Akron,	Wednesday,	" 2,	"
Richville,	Thursday,	" 3,	at 2 o'clock, p.m.
Lancaster,	Friday,	" 4,	at 7 "

These meetings will be attended by one, or both of the friends above mentioned, besides VOLUNTEERS. One noble-hearted brother is already in the field, in that capacity, and will spend as much time as his other avocations will permit. You will find in

E. D. HUDSON,

A single-hearted, devoted, and faithful man,—uncompromising in his hostility to Slavery, in whatever garb she may assume to clothe herself. No freeman will complain of that.

WILLIAM W. BROWN,

Has groaned many a weary day in the prison-house of bondage, and can tell of the dark and damning deeds that are committed there. He has felt the heavy heel of tyranny upon his own head, and can speak from experience. Even now by the Constitution of the United States, he is a *chattel*, and not a MAN. Out upon such atrocity, and let the cry be rung through the land,

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

J. C. HATHAWAY,

General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the State of New-York.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti-Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their *moral resolves* to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and books and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti-slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to help them" will rest upon you.

You are also respectfully informed that the anti-slavery ladies of the city of Rochester have determined to sacrifice their time and means for the purpose of holding a fair on Christmas week of this year, and New Year's day of next year; the proceeds of which are to be applied for the spreading of anti-slavery truth, in the most judicious way, for the benefit of the slave.

Any assistance that can be rendered them in carrying out this plan, either in useful or ornamental work from the hands of ladies, agricultural produce from the industry and kind hearts of farmers, or specimens of mechanical ingenuity from those who work in wood, brass, iron or any other material, will be thankfully received, and give evidence that there is "still flesh in man's obdurate heart that feels for fellow-man."

Donations of any kind may be placed in the hands of the general agent, WM. W. BROWN, or directed to HENRY BUSH, Treasurer, Rochester, N. Y., also, communications may be addressed to the same persons,

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, President.
SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**IRON.**	
Pot, first sort 1846.	3.50 a 3.56	Pig, Eng. & Scotch	35.00 a 37.50
Pearl	a 4.12½	do. American	32.50 a 35.00
CANDLES.		Bar do. rolled	87.50 a 90.00
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11	do. Russia F,S,I,	102.50 a 105.00
Sperm	26 a 28	do. do. N. Sable	—.00 a —.50
Stearic do.	a	do. Swedes	90.00 a 92.50
COAL.		do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80.00
Liverpool, chaldron,	8.25 a 8.37½	do. do. refined	87.50 a 90.00
Newcastle	6.50 a 7.50	Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6 a 6½
Scotch	6.00 a 6.50	Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00 a 6.50	**LEAD.**	
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.00 a 6 00	P

Poetry.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands.
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And Death the sentry grim;
The Lord therefore has given
The opening keys to him.
And ransomed spirits, sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And, at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From the Cross to Glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They 're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave to Earth their fears.
Death like an angel seemeth—
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'T is life for them to die.

THE LOST LEADER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Got the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple his heart had been proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us;
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van of the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear of the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence
Songs may excite us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;
Blot out his name, then,—record one lost soul more,
One task unaccepted, one foot-path untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow to angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!

Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him. Come gallantly,
Strike our face hard, ere we shatter his own;
Then let him get the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

See Truth with harsh austerity allied,
Or clad in civic garb of sordid hue;
See him with Tyranny's fell tools supplied,
The rack, the faggot, or the torturing screw,
Or girt with bigotry's besotted crew;
What wonder, thus beheld, his looks should move
Our scorn or hatred, rather than our love?

See Beauty, too, in league with vice and shame,
And lending all her light to gild a lie;
Crowning with laureate wreaths an impious name,
Or lulling us with syren minstrelsy
To false repose when peril most is nigh;
Decking things vile or vain with colours rare,
Till what is false and foul seems good and fair.

Hence are our hearts bewildered in their choice,
And hence our feet from virtue led astray;
Truth calls imperious with repulsive voice
To follow on a steep and rugged way;
While Beauty beckons us along a gay
And flowery path, that leads, with treacherous slope,
To gulfs remote from happiness or hope.

Who will bring back the world's unblemished youth;
When these two wandered ever hand in hand;
When truth was beauty, beauty too was truth,
So linked together with unbroken band,
That they were one; and man, at their command,
Tasted of sweets that never knew alloy,
And trod the path of duty and of joy?

Chiefly the poet's power may work the change;
His heavenly gift, impelled by holy zeal,
O'er truth's exhaustless stores may brightly range,
And all their native loveliness reveal;
Nor e'er, except where truth had set his seal,
Suffer one gleam of beauty's grace to shine,
But in resistless force their lights combine.

From the Fredonia Censor.

THE BALM OF SPEECH.

The hum of insects, as they throng
The summer sunbeam's glorious way;
The soaring sky-lark's early song;
The nightingale's mellifluous lay;—

The murmur of the peaceful wave;
The valley breezes gently sighing;
The wind's wild voice in mountain cave;
And Echo from her cell replying.

The soft Æolian lyre, whose notes
Upon the lonely muser rise;
The church-bell's hallowed tone, that floats
Like music from the distant skies;

Could never make my spirit feel
So wrapt above this lower sphere,
As when affection's accents steal,
All musical, upon mine ear.

The harmonies of mortal art,
And e'en of nature's varied strain,
Ne'er touch, as when another's heart
Reveals in words our own again.

Oh! may the melody of speech
Sing to me while on earth I rove;
And may the last faint tones that reach
My dying ear be those of love!

A GOOD MAN.

I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind, and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity.—H. K. White.

Miscellany.

From the Child's Friend.

THE CRANBERRY PASTURE.

"What is the matter with your eye, Frank?" said his father to a stout, frolicksome-looking boy of about twelve years of age.

"Only a little bruise, father; nothing of consequence. But we have had prime fun this afternoon, and given it pretty well to the Mexicans."

"What do you mean?" said his father; "I hope you have not been fighting."

"I will tell you, father, all about it; but I suppose you will hear of it, at any rate, for Mr. Lucas, the Abolitionist, says he means to come and tell you the whole story, and you had better know the truth beforehand."

"Well, Frank," said his father, I hope you will tell me the whole truth; for this I know, I shall hear it from Mr. Lucas."

"You see, father, we boys some of us went yesterday afternoon to the Cranberry Pasture, which you know you had a dispute about with Mr. Brown, and which you took possession of this Spring, by putting a fence round it. You know that little nook in it, which you said you ought to have, too, and that it really belonged to the pasture, but which Mr. Brown, who once owned the whole, says is still his, and that he will not give it up, and that Mr. Flint cheated him out of the rest; well, you see, when we were up there, and saw how awkward it looked, we thought we would just put up some stakes round this little nook, just as you had done round the rest of the pasture, and notch your initials on them, to see what old Brown would say, and call it ours. And when Autumn comes, we can gather all the cranberries; for Mr. Flint, of whom you had the pasture, says, it ought in fact, to be yours, and that he always called it his, and gathered the cranberries if he could, but that Mr. Brown was obstinate about it, and would not give it up. While we were putting up the stakes yesterday, we heard Mr. Brown's boys, the little darkies, or Brownies as we call them, calling out to as to go off of their ground, as they called it, but we only laughed at them, and said it was our land and not theirs, and dared them to come on to it, or to touch us, or move the stakes which we were putting up. They looked at us, but kept their distance, and said nothing, but they went off and called the boys from the next house, their cousins, you know, and then we saw all their woolly heads put together planning what they should do to us. We came home soon after we had taken possession, determining that we would go to-day in force, and give them a flogging if they dared to touch the posts we had put down. So we all five went to-day, after school, and there we found all eight of the Brownies on the ground. All the stakes were pulled up, and there they were, with sticks, ready to fight us if we came on to their ground, as they called it. Well, you see, father, there was nothing for us to do but to defend ourselves. We could not help fighting, so we chose John captain, and called ourselves the Americans, and the Brownies the Mexicans, and we went at it like good fellows. We got sticks as well as they; but though there were only five of us, and eight of them, we had the advantage of them, for we took care to keep ourselves cool, and we dodged their blows, and took care to hit them on their heads, and on their arms, so as to disable them, but they got mad, and you know they are all rather small, and do n't know how to fight, and then people of their color are used to being beaten, and at last they began to run, and then we chased them to the ditch that runs all round their father's little farm, and they were so frightened that only two or three of the strongest of them stopped to jump over; all the rest tumbled headlong in, and there we left them floundering in the mud. You never saw anything look so funny as they did. Then we put up our stakes again, and came home in triumph. John was as brave as Julius Cæsar; he fought with two or three of them at a time; Tom lost one of his front teeth in the fight, by a stone, and feels rather foolish; but we have had a glorious time, and have shown that we are brave fellows, and are worthy of the name of true Americans."

Mr. —— heard his son all through without interrupting him. At last, when he had finished, he asked him if he thought he had done right to these poor coloured boys. Frank did not reply for some time. At last he said, "Father, I should not think you would say we had done wrong. You know you said you thought that the Americans were right in going into the Mexican territory and taking possession of it, and that you were glad that they had taken Matamoros, and that you thought that the man who illuminated his office on the night when we heard of the victory, showed his patriotism. We were only playing a Mexican war; those colored boys are cowards, just like the Mexicans, and we ought to be brave like the Americans. You have often said that we ought to have that nook in our cranberry pasture, and that we should never have any peace with Mr. Brown till he gave it up. You know that whenever we went to pick cranberries we always got into a quarrel with the boys; for it was very vexatious to hear them say that you have no right to any of the pasture, for that it was stolen from them; in short, father, I think you ought to praise us for what we have done. We have settled the difficulty forever, I guess; for I do n't believe they will venture to meddle with us any more; and now you can have the whole field, if you will, for your own, and upon your own terms."

Frank's father was silent; the most unprincipled men will sometimes shudder when they see the hateful form of their own sins in their children. He saw that by taking possession of questionable property he had taught his children to disregard the rights of others; that by approving of the Mexican war, he had given his boys a lesson in injustice, meanness, and cruelty, and he felt that any censure from him would have no effect upon his son. He knew not what to say, and was silent. Presently Captain John came in with various bruises on his face, and Tom, with his handkerchief to his mouth to hide his loss of a tooth. They saw their father looked displeased, and were aware that the afternoon's story had been related to him.

The mother of the boys, who had been silent during the whole conversation between Frank and his father, now said—

"Boys, as your father is silent, I must say to you and him what is in my mind, and what it is very painful to me to say. I think your father was very wrong in praising such a wicked thing as the war with Mexico. I think it is vile and vindictive beyond all words to tell, and I was grieved to my soul from the first that your father's political views stood so in the way of his seeing what was just and noble. You have fairly acted out the principle of this war, which is robbery, falsehood, and cruelty. You have, like the American Government, been guilty of tyranny, and avarice, and meanness. You have used your superiour powers to oppress the weak, and rob those already poor and friendless. I cannot but hope that your father, when he sees these principles acted out by his children, will also see how hateful they are, and be cured of his admiration of the Mexican and of all other wars, and will never again rejoice at the success of wickedness and the death of his fellowmen. He has known that I disagreed with him, that I thought him wrong, but I should not have said this to you if I did not think it a solemn duty which I owe you, to say what I think about the crimes of our Government and of your wickedness in committing the same offence against our innocent and excellent neighbours, the Browns. I shall never cease to entreat your father to give up the cranberry pasture to Mr. Brown, who claims it as his own rightful property. I am ashamed of my sons, that they can commit robbery and cruelty, and then boast of the act, and talk of glory and bravery: I mourn that their father, my husband, should ever have given his children occasion to think for a moment that such acts could meet with his approbation."

As she concluded, Mr. Lucas, the Abolitionist, entered. The poor Browns had sent for him, their only friend, and had told him their grievances, and asked his aid in this moment of their need. It appeared that the youngest of the boys who fell into the ditch, had dislocated his hip and injured himself severely, and was now a great sufferer. They were very poor, and this was a heavy calamity to them. Mr. Lucas, after he had related the fact, added, "I could not believe that your sons intended so seriously to injure any one of these poor boys, and I thought that if they knew all the pain and injury they had done, they would never again have the heart to commit such cruelty; but their violation of the law of right would have been just as great, had no serious injury followed. I could not believe, Sir, that you would approve of this cruel conduct of your sons, and I thought you would wish to make what reparation is possible to the poor Browns."

The father of these boys who had shown themselves such apt scholars in the art of wrong-doing, had been looking steadfastly on the floor while Mr. Lucas spoke: he now broke silence: "I," said he, "I only have been to blame; my boys have perhaps been too ready to learn evil, but I have been their teacher; I, from whom they should have learned only good; but I will do the best to remedy my fault. Had their mother always spoken to them and to me as she has to-day, her higher, and purer moral sense would perhaps have taken hold of their minds and my own before now. Her unwillingness to condemn their father has kept her silent; she has loved me and my favour more than her children or her own sense of right, or she would have rebuked my conduct before now; but the words she has uttered shall not be in vain; henceforward I will bid my boys learn justice and humanity from their mother, and that they may be induced to be good scholars, I will myself be a learner with them. I confess to-day I feel ashamed of my politics, ashamed of my injustice."

That very hour he went with Mr. Lucas to see the poor little boy who was so much injured by his fall; he promised to pay all the expenses of the physician and nurse; he begged the forgiveness of the little fellow and his parents for himself and his sons; he gave up all the right of the cranberry pasture, which he had obtained by purchase, to Mr. Brown, as a compensation for the injury he and his sons had done him.

Is it not devoutly to be wished and prayed for, that our country, steeped as it is in iniquity, might follow his example, and repent of her sins.

E. L. F.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE ELIZABETH FRY.

The following interesting remarks, as introductory to this subjoined sketch of Mrs. Fry, are from a London Journal. The whole is well worthy of an attentive perusal. What a bright example for imitation does the life of this angel of mercy afford:—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"Of her it may truly be said, that whilst her 'witness is in heaven,' and her 'record upon high,' it is also inscribed, in living characters of veneration and love, on the hearts of thousands of varied station, name, and country, to whom, through submission to the effectual operation of the grace of God, she was made a ministering spirit; comforting the mourners, warning the careless, instructing the ignorant, and, in strains of heavenly invitation, beseeching all to come and partake of the waters of life. Being led by the power and love of Him, 'who came to seek and to save that which was lost,' she yielded her spirit to commiserate the multiplied forms of human woe; not shrinking even from willing sympathy with that awful gloom that envelops the soul of the desponding sinner, trembling on the verge of the fathomless gulf; and she was made the blessed instrument of directing many of these, to that Almighty Saviour, whose hand of mercy was still extended to pluck these brands from the burning. May the influence of that divine compassion which was so eminently infused into the heart of this devoted servant of Christ, animate many who survive, to 'go and do likewise.'"

ELIZABETH FRY was the third daughter of the late John Gourney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich. When a child, she was remarkable for the strength of her affections, and the vivacity of her mind, and early learned the lesson of enhancing the pleasure and happiness, and soothing the cares and sorrows of all around her. As she grew up, philanthropy became a marked and settled feature in her character, and she took great delight in forming and superintending a school on her father's premises, for poor children. The effect which her gentle authority and kind instructions produced, in these objects of her care, was indicative of that remarkable gift of influencing others for good, which was so distinguishing a feature in her character in after life.

Notwithstanding this and some similar pursuits, she was in no small degree attached to the vain pleasures of the world, and was herself peculiarly attractive to such as were making those pleasures their object. But infinitely higher and better things awaited her. In consequence of a complaint which appeared to be of a serious character, the instability of all temporal things became, unexpectedly, matter of personal experience; and soon afterwards, under the searching yet persuasive ministry of the late William Savery, she became deeply serious. Her affections were now directed into the holiest channel; the love of the world gave way to the love of Christ; and she evinced the reality of her change, by becoming a consistent member of our society.

This change, however, was far from disqualifying her for those social endearments, which a widowed father and ten beloved brothers and sisters claimed at her hands. On the contrary, she became more than ever the joy and comfort of the home circle, until the year 1800; when, at the age of twenty, she married Joseph Fry, of London, and settled in the heart of that metropolis. Here she became the mother of a numerous young family, over whom she exerted the tenderest maternal care; yet her domestic relations did not prevent her labouring with constant zeal and assiduity for the benefit of her fellow-creatures. The poor found in her an unfailing friend, and numerous indeed were the instances in which cases of distress were first personally examined by her, and afterwards effectually relieved. She was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, *and the cause which she knew not, she searched out.*

Deeply impressed with a sense of the incomparable value of that grace, of which she was herself so large a partaker, she found it to be her indispensable duty to declare to others what God had done for her soul, and to invite her fellow-men to come, taste, and see for themselves, how good the Lord is. The sweetness and liveliness of her communications, the clearness and force of her Christian doctrine, and the singular sofiness, power, and melody of her voice, can never be forgotten by those who have heard her, whether in public or private.

She was often engaged in Gospel missions to other parts of England, and subsequently, to a large extent in Scotland, Ireland, and on the continent of Europe; in the course of which, as well as at other times, she found abundant opportunities of putting forth her energies in the subordinate, yet highly important character of a Christian philanthropist. She visited hospitals, prisons, and lunatic asylums, and often addressed the inmates of these and other institutions, in a manner which was most remarkably adapted to the state of her hearers. Well did she know, in dependence on divine influence, how to find her way to the heart and understanding of the child at school, the sufferer on a sick bed, the corrupt and hardened criminal, and even the wild and wandering maniac; and thousands, both in her native land, and in foreign countries, have risen up around her, and "called her blessed in the name of the Lord.

The leading object, however, of her benevolent exertions, was the melioration of prisons. Her long and persevering attention to this object, which continued to be dear until her end came, commenced with a circumstance, which is already well known to the public, both at home and abroad. At an early period of her life, in London, she was informed of the terrible condition of the female prisoners in Newgate. The part of the prison allotted to them was a scene of the wildest disorder. Swearing, drinking, gambling, and fighting, were their only employments; filth and corruption prevailed on every side. Notwithstanding the warnings of the turnkeys, that her purse and watch, and even her life, would be endangered, she resolved to go in without any protection, and to face this disorganized multitude. After being locked up with them, she addressed them with her usual dignity, power, and gentleness; soon calmed their fury, and fixed their attention, and proposed to them a variety of rules for the regulation of their conduct, to which, after her kind and lucid explanations, they all gave a hearty consent. Her visits were repeated again and again; and with the assistance of a committee of ladies, which she had formed for the purpose, she soon brought her rules to bear upon the poor degraded criminals. Within a very short time the whole scene was marvellously changed. Like the maniac of Gennesaret, from whom the legion of devils had been cast out, these once wild and wretched creatures, were seen neatly clothed, busily employed, arranged under the care of monitors, with a matron at the head of them, and, comparatively speaking, *in their right mind.* In carrying on her measures of reform, she was generously supported, not only by the city authorities, but by Lord Sidmouth, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and his successors, without exception.

The attention of Elizabeth Fry, however, and of the other ladies, whom she had formed into a visiting committee, was by no means confined to Newgate. The female criminals in some other prisons of the metropolis soon came under their care, and after the successful formation of the "British Ladies' Society, for the Reformation of Female Prisoners," (which has now continued its useful efforts and interesting annual meetings for more than twenty years,) a similar care was extended, by means of associated committees, to most of the principal prisons in Great Britain and Ireland. Subsequently the plans of Elizabeth Fry were adopted, (chiefly in consequence of her own influence and correspondence,) in many of the prisons of France, Holland, Denmark, Prussia, &c.; and have been acted on with much success at Philadelphia, and elsewhere, in the United States. The great object of the British Society was to place the female inmates of these several prisons under the care of matrons, and other officers *of their own sex;* and to arrange a plan for their being constantly visited and superintended by benevolent ladies.

Numerous and satisfactory were the instances of reform, which took place under the immediate notice of Elizabeth Fry; but here it ought to be emphatically remarked, that she and her associates uniformly held up to view, that Christianity, in its practical and vital power, was the only true source of a radical renovation of character. Thus, while they ever insisted on cleanliness, industry, and wholesome order and classification, their main dependence (under the blessing of Providence) was on the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and on kind, judicious, persevering *religious* instruction. Elizabeth Fry did much to promote her great object, by the publication of a simple yet forcible pamphlet, explanatory of her views of a right prison discipline for females, and of the true principles of punishment in general. With punishment she would invariably connect a plan for reform and restoration; and she regarded the penalty of death with strong disapprobation. Often had she visited the cells of condemned criminals, on the day or night preceding their execution; often had she marked the agony of some, and the obduracy of others; often had she traced the hardening effect of such punishments on the fellow-prisoners of the sufferers, as well as on the lower orders of the public in general. She was firmly convinced that such awful inflictions were opposed alike to an enlightened expediency, and to sound Christian principle, and cordially did she unite with her brothers-in-law, Fowell Buxton and Samuel Hoare, and other well-known friends of humanity, in bearing their testimony against them, with persons in authority, and in taking every means in her power, for hastening their abolition.

It was a remarkable evidence of the confidence which successive Governments reposed in her and her associates, that the convict ships for females about to be transported to New South Wales, were placed under their especial care and superintendence. This was a most important part of their service, and the success of the admirable regulations which they introduced into these vessels, in order to insure the maintenance of a truly Christian order during the voyage, was frequently acknowledged by the colonial authorities.

[Her visit to Scotland and Ireland, in 1818 and 1827, respectively, are then related, together with her exertions in forming district societies, on behalf of the slave, in the Bible Society, and in the formation of libraries for the use of the Coast Guards. After which her biographer continues:]

The law of love, which might be said to be ever on her lips, was deeply engraven on her heart, and her charity, in the best and most comprehensive sense of the term, flowed freely forth towards her fellow-men of every class, of every condition. Thus she won her way with a peculiar grace, and almost uniformly obtained her object. There was, however, another quality, which powerfully tended to this result—patient and indomitable perseverance. She was not one of those who warmly embrace a philanthropic pursuit, and then as easily forsake it. Month after month and year after year, she laboured in any plan of mercy which she thought it her duty to undertake—and never forsook it in heart and feeling, even when health failed her, or other circumstances, not under her control, closed the door, for a time, on her personal exertions. This perseverance was combined with a peculiar versatility and readiness in seizing on every passing occasion, and converting it into an opportunity of usefulness. She was not only always willing, but always prepared, always *ready*, (by a kind of mental sleight of hand,) to do good, be it ever so little, to a child, a servant, a waiter at an inn, a friend, a neighbour, a stranger!

There can indeed be no doubt that her natural endowments were peculiarly fitted, under the sanctifying influence of divine grace, to her arduous vocation in life; but it was this grace—or in other words it was *the anointing of the Spirit of the Lord*, which was in fact her main qualification for every service in the Gospel—for every labour of Christian love. This it was which imparted a heavenly loveliness to her countenance, brightness and clearness to her words, a sacred melody, in times of religious solemnity to her voice, and a strength and facility to her actions. "*C'est le don de Dieu,*" cried a German prince, who interpreted for her, while she was addressing a large company of orphans in a foreign land. It was indeed the *gift of God*, supernaturally bestowed from the fountain of his grace, by which she was enabled so to move, speak, and act in his service, and by which her natural faculties—his gifts by creation—were purified, enlarged, and directed.

No one could more fully enter than she habitually did, into the force and meaning of the Apostle's words. "I know that in *me*, that is to say, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing;" no one could more readily or rightly answer his question, "What hast thou, that thou hast not received?" and from her inmost heart could she adopt the prayer of the Psalmist, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."

During her latter years, she repeatedly visited the continent of Europe, being accompanied by her husband and two of her brothers in succession; and on one journey of considerable length, her party was joined by her firm friend and helper, the late William Allen. In the course of her travels in France, Holland, Denmark, Prussia, and other parts of Germany, she found an ample scope for her Christian and benevolent exertions. Numerous were the institutions of various kinds which she carefully inspected, and far too many to specify, were the friendships which she formed with the better part of mankind, in the countries which she visited.

One example may illustrate the effect of her Christian influence. On visiting one of the State Prisons in the kingdom of ——, in 1839, she found many hundred convicts, working in chains, sorely burdened and oppressed. In unison with William Allen, she pressed the case, in the absence of the King, on the attention of the Queen and Crown prince. Soon afterwards the Queen was seized by her mortal illness, but did not depart from this world, without obtaining the kind promise of her royal consort, that Elizabeth Fry's recommendations respecting the prisons, should be at once adopted. When the same prison was again visited by her, in 1841, not a chain was to be seen on any of the criminals. They were working with comparative ease and freedom; not one of them, as the Governor declared, had made his escape; and great and general was the joy with which they received and welcomed their benefactress.

On several occasions, during her continental journeys, when in the presence of persons in authority, Elizabeth Fry was a warm and bold advocate for religious liberty. She was greatly afflicted by witnessing the persecutions which of late years, (as well as formerly,) have disgraced even Protestant kingdoms in Europe, as well as many of the small republics; and her appeals on the subject were honest, forcible, and to a considerable degree, successful.

In several of the royal persons with whom she communicated, she met with truly kindred hearts, and it is not too much to assert, that some of them were united to her in the bond not only of warm and constant friendship, but of Christian fellowship. When the King of Prussia was in England, he made a point of visiting her in her own abode, on which occasion she had the pleasure of presenting to him her children, and children's children, a goodly company, between thirty and forty in number! She was also gratified by receiving a most affectionate and sympathizing letter from him, in his own hand, within a few weeks of her death. The interest felt about her on the continent of Europe, as well as in the United States of America, was indeed as warm, and nearly as general as in her own country.

After all, however, those loved her the best, who knew her the most in *private life.* Her love, which flowed so freely towards mankind in general, assumed a concentrated form towards the individuals of her own immediate circle. There was not one of them who did not live in her remembrance; not one who could not acknowledge her as an *especial* friend, a helper, and sustainer in life. She was an ardent lover of the beauties of nature, and observed them with delight, in their smaller as well as larger features. A shell by the sea-side, a feather, or a flower, would fill her heart with joy, and tune her tongue to praise, while she gazed on it as an evidence of divine wisdom, skill, and goodness. It was, indeed, a remarkable feature of her character, that she was as complete in the *little* as in the *great* things of life—as successful in matters of a subordinate nature, as in those of higher moment.

Those who are accustomed to observe the ways of divine mercy and wisdom, will not be surprised that so beloved, so popular a being, should experience the full force of the Scripture declaration—"Whom the Lord loveth, he *chasteneth.*" Many and varied were her tribulations in the course of her pilgrimage; and it was through no light measure of affliction that she was prepared for her fullness of sympathy with the sufferings of others. A delicate constitution, and many the visitations of sickness, the unexpected death of some of her beloved children and grandchildren, as well as the loss of other near relations and connexions, and some unexpected adverse circumstances, were among the close trials of faith and patience, with which her Heavenly Father saw fit to prove her in this valley of tears. And, indeed, they served her purpose, for she was preserved in deep humility and true tenderness of spirit before the Lord; under whose holy hand she quietly bowed in resignation of soul. She knew what it was to mourn and weep, but she never despaired. She was one who could truly sing the song of Habakkuk:—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation."

In the summer of 1843, she spent a few weeks in Paris, for the last time. Never perhaps, did she manifest a greater brightness than during that period. Her numerous friends (of various classes) flocked around her with peculiar pleasure, and lively and precious indeed was her testimony amongst them, to the truth as it is in Jesus, and to its practical importance and efficacy. This was her last effort of the kind. Soon after her return home, her health was evidently enfeebled, and towards the close of that year, she became so alarmingly ill that the solicitude of her own family, and the multitudes who loved her and knew her value, was painfully awakened.

Although she continued very infirm in body, the sufferings which she had endured, from a painful irritation of the nerves, and spasms, gradually abated. She was again enabled, to a certain extent, and with occasional relapses, to enjoy the company of her friends; again united with them in the public worship of God; again cheered and comforted the family circle; again laboured, as far as health would permit, for the benefit of her fellow-men. It was a joy and a comfort to many that she was enabled to attend two of the sittings of the last Yearly Meeting, and the last annual meeting of the British Ladies' Society, on which several occasions she addressed the company present, with all her usual sweetness, love, and power.

About two months ago, she went, with her husband and family, for change of air and scene, to Ramsgate, where she was surrounded by several members of her family, and took particular pleasure in the company of some of her beloved grand-children, who had lately lost an invaluable father. But she was far from forgetting to be useful to others beyond her own circle. Repeatedly was she engaged in acceptable religious service at a Friends' meeting in a neighbouring village; and she took great pains in disseminating Bibles and tracts among the crews of foreign and other vessels, which frequented the harbour. "We must work while it is called to-day," said she, "However low the service we may be called to. I desire, through the help that may be granted me, to do it *to the end;*" adding, "'Let us sow besides all waters;' I so greatly feel the importance of that text, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.'" While such was her earnest desire, she placed no dependence for salvation on any works of righteousness which she had done, or could do; but only on the fulness and freeness of the pardoning love of God in Christ Jesus—the one great sacrifice for sin, her sure and certain hope of eternal glory.

In the meanwhile there was a marked sweetness and loveliness in her conversation and demeanour, and a peculiar and interesting seriousness in her state of mind—a longing for a glorious eternity, which seemed to denote that she was rapidly ripening for a holier and brighter scene, a better and enduring inheritance. Speaking of her late afflictions in a note to one of her brothers, she acknowledged that she did not count them strange, as though some strange thing had happened unto her, but rather rejoiced in being made a partaker in the sufferings of Christ, that when his glory shall be revealed, he might be glad also with exceeding joy. "Ah, dearest ——," she added, "may we, through our Lord's love and mercy, eventually thus rejoice with him in glory, rest, and peace, when this passing scene shall close upon our view!" Her hour was indeed nearly come.

In the afternoon of the 11th instant, after a day or two of considerable suffering and debility, she was suddenly attacked with pressure on the brain, and while sinking under the stroke, was heard to exclaim, "O my dear Lord, keep and help thy servant." She soon fell into a deep slumber, and became totally unconscious; which state, notwithstanding some severe convulsions, continued almost without intermission, until, on the morning of the 13th, she quietly drew her last breath. On one occasion, however, she woke up for a few moments and said to a faithful attendant who was beside her bed, "This is a *strife*, but I am SAFE." Safe she then was doubtless, in the holy hands of the Lord, who was with her in the valley of the shadow of death. Safe she now is forever, as we reverently yet firmly believe, in the bosom of that adorable Redeemer, whom she ardently loved, and faithfully followed.

Although she was scarcely to be numbered with the aged, her's was a LONG LIFE in the service of her God and Saviour. She died in her sixty-sixth year.

From the Portland Advertiser.

THOMAS T. STONE.

EAST MACHIAS, July 6, 1846.

MR. EDITOR:—Yesterday was a day of uncommon interest to the people of this town and vicinity. Thomas T. Stone, who has been for the last fourteen years a minister in this place, and who is about to remove to Massachusetts, preached his farewell sermon. He has been well known throughout this State, for many years, as a man of the purest character, the most elevated piety, as well as of profound scholarship and literary abilities, of an unusual order. But it is in connection with the announcement of a deeper personal religious experience, and of higher views of religious doctrine, that he has become more extensively known within the last three years. His philosophic intellect, aided by the instinct of true genius, and more evidently inspired by the Spirit of God, has exploded a merely scientific theological terminology, the cant and current propositions of an external faith, the superficiency of a standard interpretation of Scripture, and found and proclaimed the living truth, the genuine faith which all these have served rather to hide than to express.

Few men are able to equal, none to surpass, the eloquence with which these truths have been illustrated and enforced. By careful study and elaborate preparation, many public speakers are able to create and preserve a reputation for distinguished genius. But since the period of his illumination, Mr. Stone has entirely discarded the help of written preparations, and trusted to the spontaneous power which the hour and his own heart never fail to afford; and his public discourses have had, as a distinguishing characteristic, a most logical method of literary beauty.

His conversation upon the great themes with which he seems engrossed, have been as valuable to those whose privilege it has been to hear them, as his public teachings; and the simplicity, beauty, and purity of his private life and character, have won for him an unusual estimation and reverence. In all the arts of popularity and self-aggrandizement, he is entirely unskilled, and a most shrinking modesty has ever deterred him from embracing occasions of securing general adulation, which few can deny themselves.

His faith is *positive* and not *negative;* his gospel has been a gospel of *affirmations* and not of *negations;* he has come forth a *builder*, and not as a *destructive.* In correspondence with his character, he has ever sought to bring out and define with distinctness and power, the great, fundamental truths of Christianity, and has never denounced and cast reproach upon those of a different form of faith. He has sought to find in the popular theology the *whole truth*, of which its received propositions were the *scattered fragments*, to know *the God* which it *ignorantly worshipped.* As little calculated as such a spirit was to provoke opposition, he very early encountered the suspicion of those, who stood in the nearest fellowship of a common belief with him—a suspicion based in part upon false representations of his views, in part upon the mere circumstance of the confidence reposed in him by the people, and secular influences. Those who have cherished this suspicion, have never been ingenuous enough to hear and judge for themselves, whether it was well founded, or whether a God of truth was with him, but without any such preliminary examination they have thrust him as far from their communion as the principles of *Puritan liberty*, yet extant, would permit. All this he received without bitterness, without rebuke, almost without complaint; while the winning power of his character, and the intrinsic truth of his ideas have been constantly gaining access to new hearts.

His connection with the people of East Machias, has been for the last fourteen years. Within that time he has left the impress of his spirit more deeply upon the hearts of the whole people, than any other living man. His sublime precepts, and the influence of his unspotted life, have reached far and wide, and many a human soul has been strengthened and encouraged by the mere fact, that *there was such a man actually in the world.*

The solicitation which he had just accepted to become the pastor of a church in Salem, was highly honourable to him, and gratifying to his friends. It was the unanimous call of a church and congregation differing from him in many views of doctrine, classed in a separate denominational category, supposed to be rather conservative in its feelings, while he has a warm sympathy with all the radical movements of modern reform; and to whom he had preached a most full and explicit avowal of his own peculiar sentiment.

Many people came from different parts of this vicinity to listen to his valedictory sermon preached yesterday, and the house where he usually speaks was so crowded, that the benches and chairs were placed in the aisles to accommodate the audience. In the estimation of all who heard him, his eloquence was never more impressive, his thoughts and expressions never of a higher order. His text was this:—"The Gospel which was preached to me, is not after man; for I neither received of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

He first announced in distinct terms his own confidence and belief, that he has been within the last few years, inspired and illuminated by the Spirit of God; that what he had endeavoured to teach had been revealed to him by God himself, out of the Scriptures, that it was not conjecture, or opinion, but something *which he knew*, and the truth of which had been the experience of *his own soul.* I do not know that I ever listened to anything of greater sublimity, than this earnest and emphatic avowal. He then went on to unfold in logical order the great principles upon which it had been his endeavour to preach the great mission, with which he had believed himself charged and inspired. And first of all, he had proclaimed the Father,—God in his paternal character, the highest revelation of the new dispensation, the fact, which, more than any other, had power to win back from sin and wretchedness, each divinely born son of man. Next to this he had declared that the Father had revealed himself in Jesus Christ, not so much in the personal and the natural, as in the spiritual and eternal Immanuel, *God with us*, in whom, not historically, but *actually*, he now reveals himself. As the Father reveals himself in Jesus, so does Jesus manifest himself in the Church, which is the body of Christ, and every individual member is the body and temple of the Lord. As the Church is the body of the Lord, so it is, and must is be *one.* There is, there can be no division in the true Church. The sects existing for purposes, which they severally propose, good or evil, as they realize or fail to realize that good, may be torn asunder and scattered, but the Church need not be sought to be united, for it never has been, and never can be disrupted. As the Church is one, so is it *perfect* in its unity. This standard of perfectness is attainable for every individual. He himself knew and could testify, that there was an attainment, not ultimate indeed, but forever progressive, which was all that the capacities of the present nature could receive. This perfection in union, was the true means of spreading the Gospel among men. All men will know that "Thou hast sent me," when my disciples are perfect in one. An imperfect Christianity cannot convert the world. A Christianity tolerating sin and evil, cannot supplant idolatry. Christendom itself must be regenerated. He had felt his principal work to be, not to go to the heathen in other lands, but to preach regeneration to the nominal Church. As preparations for the entrance into this true Church, and the reception of this regeneration, he had preached individual repentance, in the individual purity, and doing of justice, in the community, the State, the doing away of oppression, of war, of Slavery, of unequal laws. He had thus, he said, endeavoured, perhaps for the last time, to come to us with a God's word, a *living Gospel, glad tidings of great joy* which *should be to all people.* After most affecting remarks of a more personal character, asking upon us the blessing of God, and for himself a spirit of faithfulness to the truth, he closed his most affecting and powerful discourse, of which I have given but a meagre and imperfect outline. All hearts were moved, and of the large audience few were not affected to tears.

We are consoled under the thought that his eloquent voice will be no more heard and his pure life will be no longer lived among us, by the knowledge that our gifted preacher goes to a wider sphere and a larger appreciation, to work out a destiny of no usual character. May it not be that this is *the man for this age*, of ours, among the many schools of opinions, and the conflicts of a polemic theology, to guide by the light of God, to the firm basis of truth? May we not rejoice that into the rough elements of modern reform, so pure a genius, so calm and holy a spirit as this, is permitted to mingle its salutary influences.

PECULIARITIES OF ADAM SMITH.

Somewhat akin to these peculiarities was his habitual absence, not only muttering in company as unconscious of their presence, but even unaware of the obstructions he might encounter while walking in the streets. One that knew him, which the sufferer did not, was a good deal amused to hear a poor old woman, whose stall he had overturned, while he moved on with his hands behind his back and his head in the air, exclaim, in some anger, "doating brute!" Another was amused at the remarks of an old gardener, near Kirkaldy, who only knew him by having answered his questions, somewhat incoherently put in his walks, when the "Wealth of Nations" appeared, and he found who was its author; "Well a well!" quoth he, "they tell me that lad, Adam Smith, has put out a great book. I am sure it would be long before I would think of doing a thing of that kind." It is related by old people at Edinburgh, that, while he moved through the fish market in his accustomed attitude, and as if wholly unconscious of his own existence, or that of others, a female of the trade exclaimed, taking him for an idiot broken loose, "Heigh! sirs, to let the like of him be about! And yet he 's weel enough put on," (dressed.) It was often so, too, in society. Once during dinner at Dalkeith, he broke out in a long lecture on some political matters of the day, and was bestowing a variety of severe epithets on a Statesman, when he suddenly perceived his nearest relative opposite, and stopped; but he was heard to go